SEVERAL PIECES IN PROSE and VERSE.

By Mr. *LAYNG.*

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THE *Author having frequently aſſerted amongſt the beſt Judges, the Excellency of the firſt rate* Italian *Poets in their ſeveral Ways, and at the ſame Time conſidering the Eſteem they were in with the* Engliſh *Reader, greatly ſhort of their Merit, ventur'd to aſſign the Cauſe of this cold Reception to formal idiomatical Verſions, (ſee Page 63.) or to a vain Attempt to keep pace with them in Rhymes. Upon which a Lady urg'd him to give ſome Specimen of his Conception; which, according to her Politeneſs, ſhe ſaid, wou'd not be ill receiv'd from One whoſe late Tranſlations from that Language had met with Favour from the Public. So far the excellent young Perſon, to whoſe Memory I open this Work with a ſepulchral View of an*

empty Tomb, *erected as a Monument of my Eſteem, not as an Oſtentation of my Riches. Whoſe Idea I have inſeparably connected with that mournful Eulogy of Mr.* Pope,

In vain with Manners and with Arts adorn'd,
Seen to be loſt, and lov'd but to be mourn'd!

I immediately attempted two Books of Taſſo, *(of whom more hereafter) and two Epiſtles of* Antonio Bruni. *He was a Writer in the* Ovidian *Way, in nothing inferior to the Maſter whom He choſe for his Pattern, and in ſome Things leſs blameable; for He (living an Age after* Taſſo) *found the* Italian *Writers in Poſſeſſion of the Concetti, and other Species of falſe Wit; whereas* Ovid *taught it the* Roman *Poets. Nor did any Man contribute more than He to debauch both the Manners and the Taſte of that People; two Curſes*

that

that uſually keep pretty even Pace with each other, when they are to befal a devoted Nation.

The Epiſtle from Queen Catherine *to King* Henry *the* VIIIth, *carries many pointed and bitter Invectives againſt both the Motives and Methods, by which the Reformation was brought about in* England. *But tho' Ladies who think themſelves injur'd, may be indulg'd like* Homer's *Goddeſſes, in the Uſe of a ſpirituous Language; yet let the Objections be ever ſo true, they do not make the Doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation in the leaſt the truer. A good Man may be thankful for an Event, without eſpouſing the Cauſe; and a wiſe one will enjoy every national Advantage without diſturbing his Happineſs, by a Retroſpect into Meaſures taken before He was born, by which it was eſtabliſh'd. Then as for the Supremacy of the Pope, for which ſhe ſo ſtrenuouſly contends, as a*

Bequeſt

Bequeſt from our dying Saviour to St. Peter, *the Reader will find a much truer Account of the Origin of it in Mr.* Bower's *Lives of the Popes; unleſs it was granted by ſome nuncupative Will, to which the Church of* Rome *was ſole Witneſs, but is not to be found in that Teſtament to which we refer our Cauſe, ſign'd and ſeal'd with his Blood.*

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ERRATA.

PAGE 39. line 1. for *Thermodion*, r. *Thermodoon*.
P. 64. l. 6. for ἰσ-αμεν οἱο, r. ἰσ-αμενοἱο.
P. 79. l. 6. for *then riſe up*, r. *then riſing*.
P. 87. l. 15. for *Byſertus'*, r. *Byſertas'*.
P. 92. l. 13. for *ſteer*, r. *ſheer*.
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ERRATA.

PAGE 39. line 1. for Thermodion, r. Thermodon.
P. 64. l. 6. for is again cie, r. is again die.
P. 79. l. 6. for then rise up, r. then rising.
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To the Right Honourable

Lady *Charlotte Farmor*,

Since Married to the

Right Honble *William Finch*, Eſq;

Vice-Chamberlain to the King.

WHEN mournful Shepherds round the Corſe relate,
With falling Tears, ſome beauteous Damſel's Fate,
Sighing each proves how fair, how lov'd ſhe was,
Renews his Woe, and aggravates his Loſs.
Then with the ſhort-liv'd Roſe they ſtrew the Ground,
And weave the Grief-recording Wreath around:

To ſhew how ſmall a Part of Time they ſhare;
Whom Nature form'd ſupremely ſweet and fair.
'Tis all that Heav'n has left within our Pow'r:
The Heav'n-born Muſe inſpir'd can do no more!
'Tis Her's to fix the monumental Verſe,
Ever to grace and ſanctify the Hearſe,
To mark with Truth the Character divine,
And make Mankind adore th'inſtructive Shrine.
Ah! what avail'd the Parents ſilent Tear,
The well feign'd Hope, and well diſſembl'd Fear,
What all the Huſband's tender Flow of Soul,
And Sighs that from his tortur'd Boſom ſtole;
The Siſter's burſting Heart and ſtreaming Eyes!
Not all cou'd keep fair *Granville* from the Skies.
Her elder Siſters of the Skies prevail,
Impatient Angels turn the doubtful Scale,

Leſt

Leſt Heav'n relenting at the Force of Love,
Shou'd for an Age ſuſpend their Joys above.
'Tis ſo and therefore right --- Death's Arrow flies,
And ev'ry Excellence is doom'd its Prize.
On the bleak *Thracian* Coaſt while *Orpheus* ſung,
Heap'd on the Shore, the liſt'ning Billows hung;
Roll back ye liſtning Billows from the Shore,
The *Thracian* Fair, and *Orpheus* are no more.
When *Pope* was charg'd by *Venus* to deſcribe
Belinda, * deck'd by all the *Sylphine* Tribe;
The bluſt'ring Winds held in their ſtruggling Breath,
And ev'ry Storm lay ſilent, huſh'd in Death.
Now rage ye Winds, your Tears ye Tempeſts ſhed,
Belinda reſts ſecure, and *Pope* is dead.

* Mrs. *Arabella Farmor.* See Rape of the Lock.

So the vain Cretans * ſhew'd the Tomb of *Jove*;
He reigns immortal, and ador'd above.
She too muſt live; mark the *Farmorian* Star,
Streaming with Rays of bright celeſtial Hair!
Mark the creative Pow'r! the Poet gives
The Wreath immortal he himſelf receives.

Peace to his honour'd Shade -- with Laurels crown'd,
Enthron'd he ſate; the Bards ſtood liſt'ning round;
When (meaneſt of the Train) entranc'd I hung,
To catch the nectar'd Accents from his Tongue;
Smiling he call'd me thro' the envying Choir,
And bade me ſtrike the loud *Mæonian* Lyre;
Trembling I touch'd the Strings; he own'd the Lays;
Firm I declin'd the Envy, and the Praiſe.

But

* Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται. καὶ γὰρ τάφον ὦ ἄνα σεῖο
Κρῆτες ἐτεκτήναντο· σὺ δ' οὐ θάνες· ἐσσὶ γὰρ ἀεί.

Vid. Callimachi Hymni in Jovem.

But now, nor Praiſe, nor Envy move, I come
To pay this mournful Tribute at his Tomb.
There let me fix the Garland that I wove,
To Sorrow ſacred, and to *Granville*'s Love;
There let me weeping at thy hallow'd Shrine,
Suſpend the votive Lute that once was Thine.
Thus where the Trunk of mighty *Pompey* lay,
Unflatter'd then, beneath the ſcorching Ray,
His good old Soldier with a duteous Hand,
Wet with his Tears, heap'd up the *Lybian* Sand;
Then on his Javelin, hung the well-try'd Shield,
Which the great Hero taught him firſt to wield.

And now, fair Daughter of the faireſt Race,
If ſome faint Likeneſs in the Draught you trace,
Committed by *Apollo*'s ſtrict Command,
With his own Pencil, to a *Tuſcan* Hand,

Of

Of Her, * adorn'd with each engaging Art,
The juſteſt Manners, and the trueſt Heart;
In whom each Virtue of the Wiſe, the Great,
The Gay, the Innocent, united met;
By Fate ſurpriz'd in Beauty's freſheſt Bloom,
Beheld, admir'd, and hurry'd to the Tomb!
If this Attempt we not unthank'd have made,
The Muſe ſhall think her Debt of Sorrow paid,
And quit the ſilent Manſions of the Dead;
Shake off the duſky Vapours from her Wings,
And ſweep to joyous Themes the warbling Strings.

Ye tuneful Maids begin a loftier Strain!
In her fair Child *Sophia* blooms again;
'Twas thus ſhe liſp'd; ſuch was her Look, her Face;
In the ſweet Bud, ſuch each unfolded Grace.

The

* The Counteſs of *Granville*; whoſe Character immediately follows.

The Index of the Mind, each Charm the ſame,
By the ſame Guide ſhall riſe to equal Fame;
Equal to *Granville*'s ſhall a Soul engage,
Which like her Charms ſhall bleſs a happier Age.
Next, *Charlotte*, ſhall the Pow'r of Sounds be try'd,
To ſing the Bleſſings of the happieſt Bride:
Hail happy Pair! in whom divinely ſweet,
Ambroſial Charms with manly Beauties meet:
So fragrant * *Nardus* with *Amomum* joins,
So the pure *Lymph* is mix'd with gen'rous Wines.
When Loves, like yours, once more become the Theme,
True virtuous Joys, founded on juſt Eſteem,
Cupids with Nuptial Trophies ſhall appear,
Hebe and good *Lucina* ſhall be there:

Nor

* Sic Nardo nubit Amomum,
Sic bene miſcetur generoſo Lympha Lyæo.
See Dean *Bathurſt*'s Verſes Muſæ Anglicanæ.

Nor will *Apollo* to the ſprightly Throng,
If his own *Granville* calls, refuſe the Song.
Hear him in bold prophetick Strains deſcribe
High Honours, deſtin'd to the blooming Tribe,
Whoſe riſing Foreheads, ſable Locks ſhall grace;
The manly Signatures of *Finch*'s Race!
Form'd on Domeſtick Patterns to be great;
The virtuous *Nottinghams* and *Somerſet*.

HEN. LAYNG.

A

TRANSLATION

FROM A

LATIN POEM,

Sent by a NOBLEMAN from *Italy*,

On the Marriage of the Right Honourable

John Lord *CARTERET*,

NOW

Earl of GRANVILLE,

To the Right Honourable

The Lady *Sophia Farmor*,

Eldeſt Daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pomfret*.

Quem Tu, Dea, Tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere Rebus.

Ogni Grazia, ogni Brio ſi aduna in Quella
Nobil, Saggia, Corteſe, Oneſta e Bella.

The Argument.

Cupid, *sitting disconsolate on a Rock that hangs over the Sea, laments the Decay of Virtuous Love, and of his Empire in the World, when he discovers the two* Genii *of my Lord* Carteret, *and Lady* Sophia Farmor. *They alternately boast of the Conquests they had made, and give the Characters of each.*

A TRANSLATION FROM A LATIN POEM.

LET others ſing of *Cadmus'* murd'rous Brood,
Charm'd with the Hero's Wreath, when dropping Blood,
Admire *Alcides*, or the Rage enjoy
Of plund'ring *Greeks* and all the Woes of *Troy*.
To ſofter Strains I ſweep the Silver Lyre,
Such Strains as Love, with Beauty join'd, inſpire.

And You, fair Virgin, crown'd with ev'ry Grace,
That matchleſs ſhines through the *Farmorian* * Race;
If You propitious deign to caſt a Smile,
The grateful Muſe ſhall think o'er-paid her Toil.
Oh might ſhe hope, (and yet to hope how vain!)
Gently on *Granville*'s piercing Eye to gain:
By juſt Degrees th'enraptur'd Maid ſhould riſe,
To blazon all your Virtues thro' the Skies;
Reſcue from heavy ſhort-liv'd Proſe your Fame,
And deep in Adamant inſcribe each Name.
Whilſt I who ſung in many an artleſs Strain
Of happy Shepherds ſporting on the Plain;
Call'd forth by You, ſhall quit the lonely Mead,
And to a Clarion ſwell the Paſt'ral Reed.

* In the *Latin Farmoria virgo.*

As

As ſome raw Boy, fond of the ſwimming Art
Tho' yet untaught, firſt acts a cautious Part;
Feels the cold Stream; retracts; then half afraid,
Slides in, depending on his Corks for Aid:
But when by ſteady Uſe he bolder grows,
His Skill and Strength increaſing as He goes,
Proud of his Art th' unfathom'd Deep He braves,
And rides triumphant o'er the conquer'd Waves.

Scarce had the Light play'd on the glitt'ring Dew,
And Colours reaſſum'd their native Hue;
Dodona's Oaks their ſolemn Verdure ſpread,
And gawdy Flow'rs their various Dyes diſplay'd:
When *Cupid*, where the *Britiſh* Ocean roars,
Lean'd on a Rock, and thus his Fate deplores.
Not the lewd Boy, that lights up foul Deſires
In wanton Breaſts, and fans unhallow'd Fires;

But

But who the Hearts in ſacred Fetters bound
Of Heroes old, and faithful Nymphs renown'd;
'Twas he that plaintive, on his once lov'd Coaſt,
Mourn'd his ſunk Glory, and his Empire loſt;
That now no boaſted Spoils his Triumphs grace,
No flaming Hearts upon his Altar blaze.

When will you, roſy Hours, he cry'd, reſtore
Thoſe *Halcyon* Days that Mortals feel no more?
Grim *Mars* now ſhakes his broad, terrific Shield,
And Iron Harveſts load th' uncultur'd Field;
Nations, by diſtant Realms divided far,
Break Nature's Bounds to meet in mutual War.
Such dire Alarms thro' *Lacedæmon* rag'd,
When her fierce Sons with *Attic* Bands engag'd;
With barb'rous Fury each their Cauſe maintain,
Whilſt their dear Country bleeds in ev'ry Vein.

Such

Such my foreboding Fears deſcribe the Storm,
Which ſoon ſhall *Italy*'s fair Fields deform.
I ſee, I ſee the gathering Tempeſt riſe,
And from *Sicilia* thicken in the Skies!
Where *Scylla*'s yelling Dogs are heard from far,
And where old *Cyclops* work'd the *Maſſive* Bar,
From the foul Throat of War, the putrid Breath
Pours o'er the World, Confuſion, Plagues, and Death.
As ſome huge Serpent of the *Libyan* Growth,
Fed on rank Weeds, to Poiſon turn'd by Sloth,
Vain of his Youth renew'd he glides along,
Rears his proud Creſt, and plays his triple Tongue;
But where he breathes th'envenom'd Blaſt around,
The Herbage withers on the tainted Ground.
What Room is left for Love? or who below
Feels *Cupid*'s Arrows, or reveres his Bow?

Thus

Thus I (how fall'n!) from my wide Empire driv'n,
Which late was ſtretch'd o'er all the Realms of Heav'n,
Am doom'd to wander, now ador'd no more,
A ſqualid Exile on a dreary Shoar.
He ſaid, and writh'd his Body with a Groan,
On the white Cliff, deſponding and alone.
Now momentary Hopes, now cold Deſpair,
By turns they ſooth, by turns his Boſom tear.
As when a Stranger in ſome gloomy Wood,
Explores his Way o'er many a thwarting Road,
Doubtful alike to turn or to advance,
At length bewilder'd yields up all to Chance.
Or as a Lyon of *Hyrcanian* Breed,
Sees immature his hoary Father bleed
Beneath the Hunter's Spear; one while he longs
In pious Fury to revenge his Wrongs:

Deſpair perſuades how vain th' unequal Fight,
And Fears now urge him doubtful in his Flight.
Such, *Cupid*, was the Grief, and ſuch the Smart,
That rankled in thy ſelf-divided Heart.
Mean Time no Garland is for *Venus* made,
The Myrtle dies, and unpluck'd Roſes fade,
The Marriage-Torch revers'd expires; around
His Shafts and Bow lie uſeleſs on the Ground.
But as he drooping turn'd his heavy Eyes
Where on the *Thames* imperial Turrets riſe,
Bleſs'd with a Monarch thro' the World renown'd,
In Peace with Wealth, in War with Conqueſt crown'd;
A ſmiling Proſpect opens to his View,
To ſooth his Pains and all his Joys renew.

A Flight of little Loves he ſaw in Air,
Some light the Torch, and ſome the Flow'rs prepare
For Nuptial Wreaths to crown the happy Pair.
In various Shapes they hover in the Wind,
Thin airy Forms unbodied, unconfin'd.
Thus am'rous Doves reflect the Noontide Ray,
When round their Necks the glofſy Colours play,
And as the changing Hues revive or die,
The gay Illuſion charms the cheated Eye.
High o'er the reſt two *Genii* he deſcry'd,
Such as below o'er nobleſt Souls preſide.
They ſtretch their Pinions to the Solar Ray,
And boaſting tell the Triumphs of the Day.
Their waving Torches blaze with equal Fires,
Fan'd by ſoft Sighs, and fed by chaſte Deſires.

I plac'd

I plac'd my Empire (thus the firſt expreſt
His Joy) within a Virgin's ſpotleſs Breaſt:
With her firſt Breath I fix'd my future Reign,
And with illuſtrious Blood fill'd ev'ry Vein;
From whence a long, heroic Race ſhall ſpring,
Whoſe Virtues, Poets yet unborn ſhall ſing.
I ſooth'd her Infant Cries, and from her Tongue
Help'd off the liſping Accents as they hung;
Till ſtrengthning Time ſhould form her Voice to reach
High Themes, with all the tuneful Pow'rs of Speech.
No ſullen Gloom, no ſudden guſty Storm
In earlieſt Life did e'er her Brow deform:
Clear is her Voice, as is her Mind within;
Gay without Folly, without Pride ſerene.
Her gen'rous Heart with native Honour fraught,
Ne'er for a Moment knew one ſordid Thought:

Hence her firm Virtue; conſtant to deſpiſe
The Smiles of Fortune, ſhe her Frowns defies.
Thus when the Billows all their Rage repeat,
To daſh ſome Cliff from his eternal Seat;
The baffled Waves recoil, and leave the Rock
More white and poliſh'd by the harmleſs Shock.

Her Face and Mien have more of heav'nly Air,
Than falls by Nature to a Mortal's Share;
Yet all that prove the Beauties of her Mind,
Leave ev'ry Thought of her fair Form behind.
Who, vain of the deſcriptive Art, ſhall tell
What various Languages ſhe knows how well;
The ſame in hardy Numbers may preſume
To paint the pretty Labours of her Loom;

Or with what Meaſures in the Dance declare
She moves divinely thro' Ambroſial Air *.
'Twas I each Accent, when ſhe trod the Stage,
Form'd to expreſs, each Geſture to engage.
Yet theſe were only Preludes, to prepare
Her op'ning Mind for Studies more ſevere.

I mark'd the Bounds that neighb'ring Realms divide,
Deſcrib'd the Ocean, and explain'd the Tide;
The Labours of the Moon; and where the Sun
And Planetary Orbs their Courſes run.
From whence by juſt Degrees, was led to tell
How mighty Empires roſe, and how they fell.
The *Grecian* Stores I open'd to her View;
Mark'd the falſe Coin, and Beauties of the true.

Inform'd

* Another celebrated *Italian* Author has beautifully deſcrib'd the Accompliſhments of this Lady in the following Lines:
Se in Danza il paſſo muovo, &c.

Inform'd her next, while rival *Carthage* ſtood,
What troubled Seas were ting'd with *Roman* Blood.
She read whoſe Wrath prolong'd the Fate of *Troy*,
And Triumphs of the *Macedonian* Boy;
Whoſe wanton Rage the ſlaviſh World oppreſt,
From ſwarthy *Libya* to the purple Eaſt.
Nor were *Alcides* and his Toils unknown,
And *Dædalus* ſwift flying to the frozen Zone.
I ſung of *Phyllis* and *Cydippe*'s Charms,
And *Hellen*'s Rape that ſet the World in Arms.
Oft would ſhe chaſte *Hippolitus* bemoan,
And the hard Fate of firm *Bellerophon*;
Of *Clymene* and *Orithya*'s Flame,
And *Helle* trembling on the golden Ram.
If aught of theſe could virtuous Life adorn,
She marks th' Example, or rejects with Scorn.

As when the Bees, wak'd by ſome genial Show'r,
Try ev'ry dewy Bud and breathing Flow'r,
Studious abroad the duſky Squadrons roam,
Still finding ſomething to enrich the Dome.

Such were the Arts ſhe lab'ring ſtrove to gain,
And ſham'd the leſs attentive Virgin Train:
As the thick flaſhing Ruby's warmer Beams,
O'erpow'r the Pearl, and kill the languid Gleams:
Or as the Pine, on *Pelion*'s lofty Brow,
Rears his proud Foliage o'er the Shrubs below.

What diſtant Nations, with unwearied Toil,
Their Arts and Manners varying with the Soil,
She dar'd to viſit, *Florence* ſhall atteſt:
Florence, that wond'ring hail'd the beauteous Gueſt;
And yet ſo juſt her Speech, ſo true the Tone,
She fain would call the beauteous Gueſt her own.

This

This Maid, whoſe Praiſe my wanton Tongue employs,
Thus form'd compleat, is mark'd for nuptial Joys:
E'en now the Flame begins, the Iv'ry Dart,
New-ſhot, yet vibrates in each faithful Heart;
And whilſt ſhe feels her conſcious Boſom glow,
In her ſoft Smiles a thouſand Graces grow;
She, unſuſpecting, hears the am'rous Sigh,
And meets half loſt the Lightning of his Eye.
Thus when a Tygreſs, careful for her Young,
Finds a bright Mirror as ſhe prowls along,
Which in her Rounds the artful Hunter plac'd,
To catch her Eye, inſidious, as ſhe paſs'd;
Intent ſhe wonders at the ſparkling Ray,
And the keen Beams that in the Cryſtal play,
Whilſt he, ſecure at Home, ſteals all her Hopes away.

Such

Such is the News, and ſuch the glorious Prize,
Which now I bear to *Venus* in the Skies.
The *Genius* ſpoke; the ſecond pois'd his Wings
In Air, and thus the Lover's Virtues ſings *,
When his charm'd Ears had now indulg'd full long,
In all that in their Groves the Muſes ſung,
I ſnatch'd him from his lov'd *Apollo*'s Seat,
To form the Stateſman in his Art compleat.
For what ſo true, that who Mankind excel
In Knowledge, fitteſt are to govern well?
Nor is this Praiſe ſome mere Declaimer's Theme,
A Flatt'rer's Coinage, or a Poet's Dream.
Hibernia ſaw in very Deed expreſt, —
This Truth, and grateful ſhall the Truth atteſt.

* *Jam ſatis Artibus olim*
Pieridum Phœbique indultum, &c.

She saw him steddy in her Country's Cause,
Griev'd for her Wealth abus'd, and slighted Laws;
Anxious for what concern'd her Rights alone,
Firm to her Int'rest, thoughtless of his own.
'Tis then the Subjects willing Hearts obey,
When virtuous Rulers recommend the Way:
Tyrants in vain the penal Laws inflict,
Whose Lives, those Laws, each Moment contradict.
But GRANVILLE, form'd in Virtue's rigid School,
Still gave th' Example whilst he set the Rule.
When blush'd the Scaffold, whilst he held the Reins,
With purple Torrents from Patrician Veins?
Who e'er was sentenc'd by some doubtful Plot,
To pine in Age in foreign Climes forgot?
The Craft of State his gen'rous Heart disowns,
But bleeds to hear a suff'ring People's Groans.

Enrag'd

Enrag'd to ſee the Uſurer devour
The Wretch that ſinks beneath his cruel Pow'r;
Can private Plunder from his Soul diſdain,
The Bribe's Contagion and degrading Stain.
The living Marble finiſh'd high with Art,
And breathing Canvaſs touch his feeling Heart:
But if his Honour by the Bribe you'd gain,
The Marble lives, and Canvaſs breathes in vain.
Not whole *Corinthian* Stores cou'd turn his Eye,
For which old *Romans* had not ſcorn'd to ſigh;
Not Beauty's ſelf cou'd e'er ſeduce his Breaſt,
To gen'rous Natures the ſevereſt Teſt.
But conſcious Crimes mean time his Vengeance dread,
And doubling Falſhood hides her guilty Head;
Her pointleſs Sword whilſt ſmiling Mercy draws,
And ſeals up Tomes of ſanguinary Laws;

Faith rob'd in white with her *Minerva* meets,
And mixt with Crouds familiar in the Streets.
What King with Heav'n-born Thirſt of Glory fir'd,
Wou'd leave thee long in private Eaſe retir'd?
What ſurer Glory on the King cou'd wait,
Than with thy Strength to ſhare the Load of State?
Such was thy Praiſe which late *Hibernia* ſung,
When her glad Fields with *Io Pæans* rung.
To virtuous Want when was his Hand deny'd?
Who went unanſwer'd, who unſatisfy'd?
The Suppliant ſaw ſurpriz'd his promis'd End,
And where he ſought a Patron found a Friend.
To low-voic'd Grief he bent the lift'ning Ear,
And gently dry'd the friendleſs Orphan's Tear.
Mark the firm Look, that conſcious Virtue gives,
And Grace, that Dignity from Wit receives!

E'en feeble Age would creep into the Throng,
To ſee and bleſs him as he paſs'd along:
The Father pointing ſhews his eager Son,
By whom ſuch great, ſuch God-like Acts were done;
Whilſt thro' the Croud theſe broken Accents ran,
This is the great—protect him Heav'n!—the Man.

Tancred to *Clorinda.*

The ARGUMENT.

WHen the Chriſtian Army in the Expedition to the Holy Land *had routed the* Perſians, Tancred, *a valiant Prince of* Italy, *after the Engagement retir'd to refreſh himſelf, violently heated and fatigued, to a neighbouring Fountain; where at the ſame Time, and for the ſame Reaſon, arriv'd* Clorinda, *a military Lady, not leſs renown'd for her Beauty than her Valour. She was cover'd with compleat Armour, all but her Face, with which our Hero was enamoured in the moſt deſperate Manner, without having an Opportunity to declare his Paſſion to the Lady, who fled upon ſeeing a Party of his*

his Friends break in upon them. Some Years after, behaving himſelf ſtill with the higheſt Character, he was employed at the Siege of Jeruſalem; *to reinforce which, in Support of her* Mahometan *Religion, the ſame* Clorinda *came. It happened, in the mean Time, that being at another Fountain, which called to his Remembrance the beautiful Object which he once ſaw in the like Situation, he reſolves to explain himſelf to her; which he does in a Letter full of the moſt impetuous and paſſionate Expreſſions, preſerving the Character of a Chriſtian Prince, as well as of a violent Lover; inviting her at the ſame Time to the Pleaſures of* Italy, *particularly of* Naples *his Country, and to the Glory of a true Belief. The Incident is taken from the* Jeruſalem *of* Torquato Taſſo.

Tancred

Tancred to *Clorinda.*

DArk the thick Grove, and cold the cryſtal Stream,
Where fair *Clorinda* is her *Tancred*'s Theme:
But to the Heart that glows with gen'rous Love,
Nor cold the Stream, nor dark the tufted Grove.
In mazy Bow'rs by wave-worn Banks confin'd,
Hear me, fair Form, ſtill preſent to my Mind.
Let others ſhrink beneath your glitt'ring Steel,
Tancred alone muſt keener Lightning feel.
Soft looks the glaring Tygreſs on your Creſt,
To the bright Beams that tear this faithful Breaſt:
And yet what Shame this faithful Boſom feels,
When to her Gods the beauteous Pagan kneels!

Think on the Fountain, think, relentleſs Maid,
Where firſt theſe Eyes that heav'nly Form ſurvey'd.
'Twas by a cryſtal Fountain's moſſy Side
We met; our Hair in Heat of War unty'd.
To diff'rent Fates we came; the Echoes yet
My Groans, my Sighs the murmuring Waves repeat.
To you the Stream a healthful Draught ſupplies;
I quaff delicious Poiſon from thoſe Eyes.
By *Mars* you ſeem'd at once, and *Cupid* arm'd,
Dreadful your Beauty ſhone, your Fierceneſs charm'd;
Whilſt I who late the gaudy *Perſians* drove,
Sunk at a Look, one Look, a Slave to Love.
The Gods whole Force I felt,---I ſtrove to ſpeak;
I could not ſpeak---at length theſe Accents break;
And now and then the broken Accents hung,
Unform'd, unfiniſh'd on my fault'ring Tongue.

And muſt I then no more enjoy that Sight,
Warmth to my Heart, and to my Eye-balls Light?
No; tho' yon Armies quit the ravag'd Eaſt,
Her Image ne'er can vaniſh from this Breaſt.
Theſe Flow'rs, this Fountain, with the ſhady Grove,
All, all conſpire, and all renew my Love!
The Spring, beſide whoſe murm'ring Stream I write,
Recalls the Place where firſt you bleſt my Sight;
And where the Flow'rs bedeck th' enamel'd Mead,
'Twas here, ſays I, *Clorinda* us'd to tread:
The trembling Leaves when ſpicy Zephyrs move,
This is her Breath, *Clorinda* fans the Grove;
And where ſome Chink admits celeſtial Light,
I ſigh and cry, *Clorinda*'s Eyes were bright.
Thus Night or op'ning Day your Beauties ſhews,
Your Eyes the Stars, your Cheeks the bluſhing Roſe.

Nor think that Time can *Tancred*'s Love impair,
Whoſe Flame is conſtant, as its Object fair.
You felt, when like a Lover I purſu'd,
How my warm Sighs your Iv'ry Neck bedew'd,
Till hotter yet the fiery Vapours came,
Work'd up in ſmoky Volumes to a Flame.
Such Sighs demand at leaſt a pitying Tear,
Such Groans reproach th'unrelenting Ear.
But if *Clorinda* feels ſome cruel Joy,
From ev'ry Woe that can my Peace deſtroy;
If each new Pain affords ſome freſh Delight,
Such as her Beauties in this Breaſt excite;
Then ſee my Boſom to that Malice bare,
Invites th' uplifted Sword, or pointed Spear;
My Shield no more ſhall ward the welcome Blow:
Why muſt my Heart alone the Fury know?

My jealous Boſom burns, its Claim to prove
To equal Wounds from Anger and from Love;
Or tear, and let the pitying Hand be bleſt,
The wretched Pris'ner from this tortur'd Breaſt.
Yes, let the Vengeance that my Stars demand,
Come pour'd upon me by *Clorinda*'s Hand:
So ſhall I thank the Cauſe that fix'd my Doom,
And bleſs the Lightning that diſpell'd the Gloom.
I long to breathe, pure as the ſeven-fold Ice
That guards your Heart, my quick returning Sighs;
Fainting, with all the Pow'r of Love oppreſt,
Upon your ſinewy Arm, or ſnowy Breaſt.
Yet think not *Tancred*'s Soul wou'd not diſdain
A Thought that could a Veſtal's Boſom ſtain.
Yes, 'tis my honeſt Paſſion's utmoſt Height,
Trembling to ſteal a Look, and bleſs the Sight.

How

How the big Hope diſtends my Heart, to join
Theſe Hands one Day with yours in Rites divine!
Alas, thoſe Rites divine can ne'er allow,
With Pagans to pollute the holy Vow.
Learn then to hate, ſecure to be forgiv'n,
Your Idol Worſhip moſt abhorr'd by Heav'n.
So tributary Crowns ſhall grace your Feet,
And the Camp change to an imperial Seat.
So beauteous Queens in Raptures ſhall agree,
That ev'ry Charm united ſhines in Thee.
See how th' ambitious *Jordan* ſwells, to lave
Thy Forehead with the pure baptiſmal Wave!
But think not we to *Jordan*'s Waves confine
The ſaving Virtues of the myſtic Sign;
Each Pagan Stream ſhall equal Grace beſtow
With the clear Brook that rolls from *Sion*'s Brow:

Ev'n

Ev'n cold *Thermodion* crown'd with *Thracian* Woods,
Or *Xanthus* high renown'd o'er *Trojan* Floods.
Oh! might we gain thee, with thy Load of Fame,
A well try'd Champion to the Chriſtian Name!
How wou'd th' expecting World admire our Spoils,
And Hoſts of ſmiling Angels bleſs our Toils!
With larger Strides great *Godfrey* wou'd advance,
And ſhake th' enſlaving Chain, or bloody Lance.
The Chriſtian Banner, to its Staff unfurl'd,
Wou'd wave its healing Virtues o'er the World.
Parthians wou'd kneel, the *Scythian* wou'd adore
The ſacred Enſign on his icy Shore;
Diſcord betwixt the *Frank* and *Turk* ſhou'd ceaſe,
And each receive the holy Kiſs of Peace.
Our nuptial Joys ſhou'd vulgar Rites deſpiſe;
For *Hymen*'s Torch accept your Lover's Sighs,

And on the Camp the Hero's Marriage Bed,
By Soldier's Hands, for Soldiers ſhould be ſpread.
Who then wou'd dare reſiſt, illuſtrious Maid,
Great *Buillon*'s Arms affianc'd in thy Aid?
Whom thus we praiſing ſaw around her deal,
The thund'ring Blows, her Limbs enclaſp'd in Steel.
" Fair *Atalanta* by *Arcadian* Swains
" Is ſung, and *Thomyris* on *Scythian* Plains:
" But none will deem that ſhall with thee compare,
" The *Scythian* brave, or *Atalanta* fair.
" The beamy Sun but borrows from her Eyes,
" And from her Hair *Aurora* paints the Skies.
" Who ſees and feels no pleaſing Pains within
" Is loſt; not to adore her is the Sin.
How ſhou'd I boaſt the Flame with which I burn,
If faithful Love cou'd claim a kind Return;

And by my furrow'd Cheeks, thus pale and thin,
Prove what conſuming Fire devours within:
Yet I, this Wretch, the Chains of *Antioch* broke,
And freed her from the *Eaſtern Tyrant's* Yoke.
I made the *Perſians*, half-extinguiſh'd, own
A Stranger, where great *Cyrus* grac'd the Throne.
Alas! how chang'd, how low your Vaſſal lies,
A ſcepter'd Slave, the Victim to your Eyes!
Oh! Fair One, thro' whoſe Form divine we trace
Each ſoft'ning Charm, and each commanding Grace,
Oh! leave me not in hopeleſs Love to grieve,
Or uſeleſs grown in hateful Arms to live.
Far be it, from the gen'rous Nature far,
To view with brutal Joy the Scenes of War.
And may the holy Tomb, that dealt the Blow
Fatal to Death, who mourns in Chains below,

Be ever hung with blooming Wreaths around,
With ev'ry ſoft pacific Trophy crown'd:
To hollow Groans, let ſprightly Airs ſucceed,
And dimpl'd Smiles to all the Wounds that bleed.
For think not, Heroine, *Tancred* thee invites
To lonely Regions banish'd from Delights,
To Climes where ſolitary Greatneſs reigns,
In barb'rous Pride amidſt uncultur'd Plains:
Let others boaſt their Savage wide Commands,
O'er deep *Hyrcanian* Woods, or *Libyan* Sands,
With Pleaſure hear the hoarſe *Egean* rave,
Or dream beſide *Euripus'* ſleepy Wave;
But *Naples* ſhall preſent a gentler Scene,
Where flow'ry Banks ſmile o'er the blue *Tyrrhene*.
See how the proud imperial Turrets riſe,
Whoſe high embattl'd Walls invade the Skies!

To Theatres our circling Mountains grow,
Whilſt the broad Sea a Mirror floats below:
As if, grown wanton, Nature wou'd diſplay
A double View of all that's great and gay.
In roſeate Bow'rs here balmy Zephyrs bred,
Skim ever ſportive o'er the cryſtal Bed:
Reflected Heav'ns the Traveller admires,
And counts within the Waves a thouſand Fires.
Freſh from the Hill deſcends the neigh'bring Swain,
And quits the Glebe to plough the wat'ry Plain;
Chearful again reſumes th' alternate Toil,
Binds up his Oars, and breaks the mellow Soil.
What various Hues our gen'rous Vines unfold,
Whilſt the rich Purple vies with ſtreaky Gold!
In Time's deſpight here youthful *April's* wear
Their vernal Liv'ry thro' th' unchanging Year;
And where they melt in ſoft deſcending Show'rs,
The Hills bear Graſs, and the rich Herbage Flow'rs.

The ſultry Dog-ſtar ne'er infects the Plains;
No Fevers rage but in the Lover's Veins.
None fears the biting Eaſt's benumbing Smart;
The Cold we dread ſurrounds the Virgin's Heart.
Hence our firm Veins contain a richer Flood;
Hence high Atchievements prove heroic Blood.
Far o'er the reſt behold our Father's * Name,
Sacred on Adamantine Rolls to Fame;
Whoſe high Deſcent thro' num'rous Sires we trace,
To the proud Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race;
Whoſe Lineage yet rebellious Nations awes,
And Splendor gives to Kings, to Empires Laws.
Oh! with what Joy will he *Clorinda* meet,
Bleſt Thought! to lay his Scepter at her Feet;
Whoſe Heav'nly Form the ſureſt Earneſt brings
Of future Heroes, and more God-like Kings.

* Roger *Prince of* Apulia.

THE ARGUMENT FROM THE AUTHOR.

Tranſlated from the *Epiſtole Heroiche* of *BRUNO*.

CATHERINE *of* Arragon, *Daughter to* Ferdinand *and* Elizabeth, *King and Queen of* Spain, *who juſtly obtained the Title of Moſt Catholick, was as beautiful and majeſtic in Perſon, as pious and reſolute in Action. She was many Years married to* Henry VIII. *King of* England, *who being violently enamour'd with* Anna Bolen, *contemns all Remonſtrances from the Holy*

See, and repudiates her, contrary to the Laws of God *and Man. She retires to* Kimbolton, *and near her Death, writes this Letter to* Henry, *who had openly avowed the National Hereſy at that Time, and celebrated his ſecond Nuptials with* Bolen. *Tho' his only lawful Wife, ſhe writes in the Stile of a Widow, and ſhews a ſtronger Senſe of Care for his Soul, than any Profeſſion of Duty to one, that had been an Apoſtate from his Religion.*

The Story is taken from the Hiſtory of England, *by* Polydore Virgil.

CATHE-

CATHERINE of *ARRAGON*, TO HENRY VIII. King of *England*.

I.

YES, of my Honour, Huſband, Crown bereft,
A Queen degraded, and a Wife diſgrac'd;
By Fortune long, and all her Flatt'rers left,
And low beneath the Reach of Malice plac'd;

II.

'Tis I, — 'tis *Cath'rine*, in her Wrongs deſpite,
Who ſends thee this! Mark her forgiving Care:
Read the few Lines this trembling Hand can write,
Nor ſcorn her laſt Advice and dying Prayer.

III.

So when the Scythe * of unrelenting Time
Sweeps me from Earth with its reſiſtleſs Steel;
Thy Soul may, ſtarting at each glaring Crime,
The Pleaſures of a godly Sorrow feel.

IV.

Oh! Impotence of Pride; how falſe, how vain
The ſolemn Pomp, and Purple Farce of State,
If Days of Horror, ſleepleſs Nights of Pain
Are for the Great, Appointments fix'd by Fate?

V.

Bloated Diſeaſe ſpreads their luxurious Boards,
And meagre Death each glutt'nous Meal attends;
When Appetites degrade the World's high Lords,
Below the Reſt th' Imperial Slave deſcends.

VI. Then

* *La Falce di Morte in me la Vita miete.*

VI.

Then ſhall he feel, in Bitterneſs of Woe,
How much the flatter'd Wretch miſtook his End,
Who made his God an unrelenting Foe,
And finds in Man an unaſſiſting Friend.

VII.

What can his Fleets, thoſe floating Piles avail?
What all the Sails that crowd the wat'ry Way,
When the red Bolts the crackling Planks aſſail,
And in the Shrouds the forky Light'nings play?

VIII.

How muſt the Crew, ſtruck by the real Blaze,
Who now the glitt'ring regal Crown admires;
Deſpiſe the Diadem's fictitious Rays,
And ſcorn the Scepter's ineffectual Fires?

IX.

Why ſwells the King with barb'rous Pride elate?
Is't that his Slaves with Purple ſpread the Room?
Or that the gorgeous Robes of Royal State
Can boaſt their Splendor from th' *Aſſyrian* Loom?

X.

Alas! the homely Shepherd's Folds ſupply
The Purple Woof that thro' the Palace glows;
And to a hungry † Cur the *Tyrian* Dye,
In proudeſt Robes array'd the Monarch owes.

XI. Why

† *Per opra d'un Maſtin rozzo di Tire.* The Invention of the Purple Dye is aſcribed by the *Greeks*, like almoſt all other uſeful Diſcoveries, to *Hercules*; who when he ſojourned in *Africa*, obſerved the Noſe and Mouth of his Dog, upon tumbling and turning about a certain Shell Fiſh, (called afterwards by the *Romans Murex*) very common on that Coaſt, to be ting'd with a deep ſplendid Red, made the Application to Wool, which turn'd to a prodigious Account to ſuch a trading People as the *Phœnicians*.

XI.

Why will the Crew, the Slaves of Kingly Pride,
Th' *Arabian* or the *Indian* Mine explore,
While conſcious Nature ſtrives in vain to hide
Deep in the Realms of Night the fatal Ore?

XII.

Why drag the glitt'ring Miſchief into Light,
The Peſt of Morals, and the Bane of Souls;
When its own Sire abhors the noxious Light,
The genial Sun, as o'er the World he rolls?

XIII.

He only dignifies the Crown he wears,
Whilſt Gold in vain pretends to prop the Throne,
Who humble ſtill before his God appears,
Nor thwarts his Will to gratify his own.

XIV.

The Hero who his ſtubborn Heart ſubdues,
Is form'd alone for the Imperial Sway,
Who Virtue thro' her thorny Paths purſues,
And o'er the rugged Mountain leads the Way.

XV.

Then ſhall *Aſtrea* long inthron'd in Heaven,
Chaſte as the falling Flakes of untouch'd Snow,
In his pure Hands preſerve the Ballance even,
Or in the Scale the Weight of Juſtice throw.

XVI.

When now Heav'n's Heir, to ſave its guilty Foes,
Join'd to this mortal Frame the Godhead's Pow'r,
For his fair Spouſe the ſpotleſs Church he choſe,
Whoſe Faith was her ineſtimable Dow'r.

XVII.

To break, grim Death, thy Adamantine Chains,
And free a World devoted with his Blood;
On *Calvary*, (curs'd Mount!) his burſting Veins
Pour'd thro' his gaping Side the Purple Flood.

XVIII.

Expiring there, 'twas his ſupreme Command,
Let the Diſciple, when his Lord is dead,
Whom fiſhing from the *Galilean* Strand
I call'd, Thou, *Peter*, be the Church's Head.

XIX.

To *Britain* firſt the Church's eldeſt born,
Seat of Delights, and Regent of the Deep,
Thro' Seas of Blood, diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
The good Apoſtle guides his ſhatter'd Ship.

XX.

When lo! aroſe in regal Order rang'd,
In antique Robes a warlike ſcepter'd Band;
Their † Robes to Sails, to Helms their Scepters chang'd,
And Kings grew proud the Veſſel to command.

XXI.

Now all was calm, kind Zephyrs ſwells the Sails,
Smooth o'er the glaſſy Plain the Pinnace glides;
Imperial Pilots, and propitious Gales,
Defy the lurking Rocks, and faithleſs Tides:

XXII.

Till the 8th *Henry* was ordain'd by Fate
To looſe th' impriſon'd Whirlwind from his Cell,
Rouze the deaf Storm to execute his Hate,
And ply the Bark with all the Pow'rs of Hell.

XXIII. Tear

† *Che cangio più d'un Re per la grand nave*
In Timone lo Scettro e l'Oſtro in vela.

XXIII.

Tear from the Holy Church's chaſte Embrace
Her eldeſt Hope; all duteous Ties diſown;
To foul Rebellion urge a pious Race,
And from her Homage free the feudal Throne.

XXIV.

But turn, oh! turn, from the deſtructive Road,
Repent; embrace the Knees, and kiſs the Hand;
With Tears confeſs the Duty that you ow'd
To him, that does the Keys of Heav'n command.

XXV.

Think thou art he whoſe Youth did Temples raiſe,
High ſhadowing o'er the Plain with lofty Tow'rs,
And taught the Gothic Column how to grace,
With the proud Porph'ry from *Egyptian* Shores.

 XXVI. Thou

XXVI.

Thou that could'ſt once with Energy divine
Defend the Honours of th' Angelic Breed, †
Whilſt Heav'nly Glories crown'd each nervous Line,
And wide the ſtrong Illumination ſpread.

XXVII.

Thou that waſt late a pious Champion fear'd,
As ſkill'd alike the Pen or Lance to wield,
By ſtudious Churchmen in Debate rever'd,
By Heroes dreaded in the well fought Field.

XXVIII.

Doſt thou, whoſe Mind in ſteady Flight,
Cou'd weigh the inmoſt Counſels of the Skies,
That penetrated deep the Source of Light,
Doſt thou its Altars, thou its Rites deſpiſe?

XXIX. Break

† *Tu, che del Pane Angelico ſcriveſti.*

XXIX.

Break all its Laws, and burthen'd with its Spoils
Of Temples plunder'd, and of Shrines o'erthrown,
Eſpouſe each Heretic, applaud his Toils,
And let all Hell take Refuge in the Throne?

XXX.

When ancient *Rome* the ſacred Shield enjoy'd,
Dropt as a Pledge from the etherial Bow'rs,
Her happy Sons the hoſtile World defy'd,
While Fate ſecur'd her Heav'n-protected Tow'rs.

XXXI.

But thou, the Guardian of the Church's Laws,
Her Faith's Defender, her avow'd Delight,
Art foremoſt to betray her injur'd Cauſe,
And quench her Glories in eternal Night.

XXXII.

But ſay what ſacrilegious *Maſter* now, *
What † *School* to ev'ry Senſe of Honour loſt,
Will the blaſpheming Catalogue allow
Of impious Titles which thy Flatt'rers boaſt.

XXXIII.

'Tis thus when Arrogance Reſtraint diſcards
When holy Zeal forſakes th' ungrateful Earth;
'Tis thus Impiety her Slaves rewards,
And Irreligion ſpawns a *monſtrous Birth.* ‖

XXXIV.

See where the *Rhine* his icy Borders laves
O'er ſounding *Rocks*, and Tracts of endleſs Snows,
Or where the *Danube* rolls his boiſt'rous Waves
Thro' factious Nations ſwelling as he flows;

XXXV. The

* *Da qual Maeſtro.* † *In quale Scuola.*
‖ *Maſtri germiglia la Terra ingrata.*

XXXV.

The † *Hydra* Hereſy her Heads erects,
Which ſever'd off, as oft revive in Death,
O'er the bleak North her Length of Neck projects,
And taints *Germania* with her noxious Breath.

XXXVI.

Next ſee the wily * *Fox* his Havock make;
Let the wide Scenes of Ruin feaſt thy Eyes,
Where that infectious Pool, the Leman Lake,
A hundred States with pois'nous Streams ſupplies.

XXXVII.

Miſtaken States! will he, whoſe impious Pride,
The Wretch that cou'd the Laws of Heav'n diſown;
Will he who the dread Thunderer defy'd,
Submiſſive bend before an earthly Throne?

XXXVIII.

† *Qual Idra imenſa.* * *Volpe fraudelente.*

XXXVIII.

Oh *Harry!* where ſuperior Strength of Thought,
Where more extended Pow'rs of Soul are giv'n,
Let not the Mind, to headſtrong Paſſions brought
A Slave, debaſe the nobleſt Gifts of Heav'n.

XXXIX.

Such Talents, of *Herculean* Size, ſhould ſcorn
From the fond Mother's Arms to tear her Young,
To nurſe with Hereſy the Babe new-born,
And form to wicked Sounds its liſping Tongue.

XL.

Ah! what avails the Hero's ſounding Name,
For Arms renown'd, perhaps, thro' Eaſtern Climes,
If home-bred Follies ſully all his Fame,
And private Vices join'd to public Crimes?

XLI. When

XLI.

When wilt thou fleeting Beauty's Value know,
When from the gay enchanting Folly run;
Which fades like ſhort-liv'd Flow'rs in glitt'ring Snow,
Or glitt'ring Snow beneath the cloudleſs Sun?

XLII.

Oh! might I leave thee pure from guilty Love,
From the foul Steams that now pollute thy Breaſt,
With Joy my Summons waiting from above,
I cou'd compoſe my ſtormy Cares to Reſt.

XLIII.

For Heav'n forewarns me of approaching Fate!
On Diamond Hinges roll its golden Doors.
Ye roſy Cherubims, ſet wide the Gate,
That on my Soul the rapt'rous Viſion pours!

XLIV.

I ſee --- yes, 'tis the Croſs! --- erect it ſtands,
Studded with Stars that flame with ſev'nfold Light:
Around, their Harps for ever in their Hands,
A Chorus ſings, rob'd in celeſtial White.

XLV.

High o'er the Heroes of thy boaſted Line,
Bearded *Plantagenets*, a manly Race!
Mark the third *Edward* clad in Arms divine,
With Airs celeſtial blooming in his Face!

XLVI.

Stars gild his Feet, and round his Temples glow;
Yet ſee he ſtoops in pure paternal Love,
To teach that thou like him muſt reign below,
If thou like him wou'dſt ſit enthron'd above.

XLVII. For

XLVII.

For know, 'tis there alone true Joys abound,
The laſt great Aim of Man's immortal Soul,
To be with never fading Glory crown'd,
An endleſs Triumph! in the ſtarry Pole.

XLVIII.

In God, as in its proper Sphere, the Mind
Muſt live and move, and then for ever reſt;
In him alone its juſt Reward can find,
In Joys increaſing ever, ever bleſt.

XLIX.

Whilſt mark the proudeſt earthly Boaſter's Doom,
His Trophies fading, and his Arch o'erthrown!
His Fame contracted to a mould'ring Tomb,
Or the vain Flatt'ry of ſome letter'd Stone!

L.

At length, farewel. --- Great Nature I obey;
Reſign'd I quit the chequer'd Scenes of Light,
To calm the Storms of my tempeſtuous Day,
In ſilent Shades of hoſpitable Night.

LI.

And ſince that Peace I now enjoy in Death,
Which thy inconſtant Heart in Courts deny'd,
I can forgive --- yes, with my lateſt Breath,
Ev'n thee, and all the Tribe thy Craft employ'd.

LII.

My Change with holy Pleaſure I review,
Where rural Innocence her Seat has fix'd:
Our Manners ſimple, and our Words are true,
Our Fleece unpoiſon'd, and our Cup unmix'd.

LIII.

'Tis here (ye Tyrants of the Earth behold,
And learn) wak'd by the Daughter of the Dawn,
The Ruler of the Flock unbinds the Fold,
And leads his Subjects to the dewy Lawn.

LIV.

Nor proves the Flock ungrateful; in Return
To him her Milk the fleecy Mother bears;
Each Year by him the willing Ewes are ſhorn;
But note, he * murders not the Lamb he ſhears.

LV. And

* Alluding to a famous *Bon Mot* of *Charles* V. that whereas he uſed the Church as a Stock againſt a Time of Need, his Brother *Harry* of *England* killed the Sheep that bore the Golden Fleece.

LV.

And ſhould the Maſter chuſe to change the Ground,
Tho' richer Lawns and flow'ry Meads invite,
Chearful they own the Pipe's commanding Sound,
And climb the Brow to ſeek a cloſer Bite.

LVI.

His Matins to a murm'ring Brook he ſung,
A beardleſs Boy! Now mark the hoary Sage!
Untir'd the Zeal that warm'd his youthful Tongue,
Mellows to ſerious Piety in Age.

LVII.

I ſee him reverend in his ſpotleſs Frock,
His Pipe and Scrip unſullied by his Side;
He for the Temple only quits his Flock;
His Buſineſs and his God his Time divide.

LVIII. What

LVIII.

What if no Gems, ſet deep in poliſh'd Gold,
His Altar rais'd of verdant Turf, adorn,
Yet here the Lilly and the Roſe unfold
Their Sweets ſoft breathing to the purple Morn.

LIX.

Long e'er the Saffron Light unſeals his Eyes,
To Heav'n he opens wide his Heart in Pray'r;
His Dreams are a religious Exerciſe,
His darling Fold is ev'n in Sleep his Care.

LX.

'Tis here the cooing ſolitary Dove,
If his lov'd Mate forſakes their native Neſt,
Plaintive purſues her thro' each vocal Grove,
And till he finds his Partner knows no Reſt.

LXI.

'Tis here --- But ſee! a Beam of gilded Light
Confirms my Hopes --- I come, ye ſmiling Pow'rs --
And now a Blaze of Glory breaks upon my Sight;
I'm loſt --- oh! wing me to yon azure Bow'rs.

LXII.

And thou dear Pledge of our connubial Love,
Hold firm the holy Faith --- ſo may'ſt thou be
(The beſt Inheritance in Joys above)
Be ever bleſt as --- Heav'n replies --- as me.

[*Dies.*

THE LIFE OF *TORQUATO TASSO.*

THERE is ſomething ſo entertaining, ſo noble, ſo piteous, ſo marvellous in the Fortune of *Torquato Taſſo*, that I know not any Man's Story more intereſting or more inſtructive. Nature ſeems in every Step ſhe took relating to him, to have formed him for our Admiration. How are we ſtruck with a pleaſing Kind of Amazement that ends in Horror, when

we are told from the beſt * Hands, that he talk'd diſtinctly almoſt incredibly ſoon; that he learned his Grammar at three, was ſent to the College of *Jeſuits* at four, repeated with Applauſe his own Verſes in public at ſeven, and was condemned to Death by Proſcription at nine Years of Age? To begin then; the Family, ſays Monſieur *Mirabaud* †, which was very ancient and noble in the *Milaneſe*, was forced from thence, where they were long known by the Name of *La Tour*, into the Diſtrict between *Como* and *Bergamo*, where they took that of *Taſſo* from an eminent Mountain ſo called in that Country. *Bernardo Taſſo*, the Father of our Poet, who was himſelf alſo a Verſe-Man, was a Gentleman in high Eſteem, and of the firſt Character. His

* *John Baptiſt Manſi*, Marquis *de Ville*, Lord of *Biſaccio* and *Bianca*, who knew him intimately, and wrote his Life in moſt pure *Italian*.

† See Abregé de la Vie du *Taſſe*, *a Paris* 1724.

His Affairs fix'd him early in the Intereſt of *Ferrand de Sanſeverin*, Prince of *Salerno*. The Prince plac'd ſuch an entire Confidence in him, as to entruſt him with all his Affairs, and to make him his Secretary. With this great Man he paſſed over to the Kingdom of *Naples*, and married there *Porcia de Roſſi*, a Lady of Quality. Our *Taſſo* was the Iſſue of this Match, who was born at *Sorrento* near *Naples* (from whence he is often called the *Neapolitan* Poet) the eleventh of *March* 1544.

The Reader, I preſume, grows impatient to know the Particulars of the execrable Sentence which I ſaid was paſſed upon an innocent Child; but he may be very ſure that nothing leſs than his ſurprizing Talents could entitle him to ſuch uncommon Cruelty. No Pardon is ever granted for Infirmities; no Excuſe ad-

mitted for Miſtakes; no Allowance made for Misfortunes, to a Perſon that is once cry'd up for ſuperior Parts. His Manly Underſtanding mark'd him out for a Puniſhment never inflicted on a Child; and his precoce Genius accelerated the Ruin that involv'd the unhappy Son with the miſerable Father. The Occaſion was this: Don *Pedro de Toledo*, Viceroy of *Naples*, was determined at all Adventures to eſtabliſh the Inquiſition there. Againſt this the Prince of *Salerno*, a Man of Virtue and Spirit, undertook to remonſtrate, and to repreſent in Perſon to the Emperor *Charles* V. the Rights and Privileges of the *Neapolitan* Conſtitution. The great Popularity from this Oppoſition, gain'd him juſt as much Hatred from the Viceroy, who never ceaſed till he had throughly prepoſſeſſed his Maſter, that *Sanſeverin* was too ſhrewd an Obſerver, and of too im-

prac-

practicable a Temper for his Purpoſe. The Prince, being not unacquainted with the ill Impreſſion made of him on the Emperor, ſent to beg the Honour of a Guard to eſcort him to his Preſence, where he was convinc'd he could juſtify himſelf, and ſatisfy his Imperial Majeſty. But the Emperor anſwered his Meſſenger in the Laconic Stile, that 'twas never his Manner to treat with any of his Subjects. The Prince did not want any clearer Conviction that his Enemies had the Advantage of him at Court, and therefore reſolved without Delay to quit his Country, and transfer his Allegiance. *Taſſo*, the Father, without Heſitation ran Fortunes with his Patron, and carried with him his Son *Torquato*, then but nine Years old. The Viceroy, in a Manner becoming a bigotted Zealot, grown more furious from his diſappointed Revenge, publiſhed, immediately on the Prince's De-

parture,

parture, an Edict, declaring both him and all his Adherents, without Exception, to be Rebels, and to be guilty of Death accordingly; which cruel Sentence included the unfortunate Boy, notwithstanding his tender Age.

So narrow was his Escape from falling a Sacrifice to that dreadful political Engine, the Inquisition; which as it is established by Authority in the most considerable Nations, where the *Romish* Religion flourishes in its natural State, and in all its Extent of Power, it must be supposed to be highly agreeable to the undisguis'd Temper of that Church. And as Transubstantiation is the universal Doctrine of it, these two Points, the one of Practice, and the other of Faith, being the greatest Abuses that can be put upon the Sense, the Liberty, the Reason of Mankind, these two superseding all minute Objections,

jections, muſt be ſufficient to create an Abhorrence of Principles ſo diſſonant to his, whoſe ſtricteſt *Yoke was eaſy*, and whoſe heavieſt *Burthen light*.

During theſe Convulſions in his Affairs, which by the Sycophants to a haughty Tyrant were term'd his Diſgrace, *Bernardo* knew too well the Value of a good Education, in which any Neglect at that Time of Life is never to be recovered, to ſpare any Coſt to give his Son the beſt that cou'd be procured. Accordingly he placed him in *Rome*, under a moſt celebrated Sophiſt *; where, ſo far from forfeiting the high Expectations that were conceived of his ſurprizing Genius, by the Time of his being twelve Years of Age, beſides a wonderful Proficiency in the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, he went thro' the other liberal Arts, that were then taught in

* *Mauritius Cattaneus.*

in public Schools, ſuch as Rhetoric, Poeſy, Logic, and *Ariſtotle*'s Ethics. His Father being now at *Mantua*, where he was principal Secretary to that Duke, ſent for him in order to remove him to *Padua*, an Univerſity in thoſe Days as famous for the Lawyers, as it has ſince been for the eminent Phyſicians it has produced. The Study of the Laws, he judged, would find Employment for the moſt active Talents, and probably was not diſpleaſed at the Proſpect, by the Emoluments that accompany Succeſs in that Profeſſion, of repairing the Fortunes of his Family, which, by the Reſentment of the Emperor, had been much ſhatter'd.

It was impoſſible for one of his aſtoniſhing Abilities heartily to enter upon any Studies (and he ſeems always to have been in earneſt) without ſhewing himſelf like *Achilles* among the Mob of Heroes, taller Κεφαλὴν ἢ ὃ

εὐρεὰς ὤμους. Agreeably to this, when in his Academical Exercises, he maintained in public any Thesis in Divinity, Philosophy, or Law, the Schools rung with Applause. And indeed several of his Pieces published afterwards; such as the Treatise upon Heroic Virtue, Nobility; and particularly the Dialogue on Friendship, entitled, *Il Manso*, in Honour of his Bosom Friend; and many others in *Plato*'s Manner, shew that he had been early set right in a Method of Study, and had regularly pursued it. 'Tis for want of such an Institution, that so many crude Systems are every Day obtruded on the World. Notwithstanding these popular Acclamations, he was too wise to neglect *Horace*'s Advice, not to look for one's self abroad, for Conscience judges better for us than Flattery. So after having maturely examined the Bent and Ply of his own Inclinations, as well as

tried his Strength, he found that the Study of the Law was a Service into which he was preſs'd; and where few make any Figure but thoſe that have a particular Turn for it, which is uſually diſcerned by their having none for any Thing elſe. It appeared to him, (I mean the *Roman* Law, which is widely different from that noble Profeſſion ſo juſtly eſteemed with us) what the Painters call a *Salvator*-like Proſpect, very horrid, and very difficult of Acceſs; where among broken Rocks, wither'd Shrubs, blaſted Trees, and a vaſt Variety of Ruins, a few Ladrones ſecurely divided the Booty among themſelves.

Whereas Poetry preſented to his View a wide Parterre, open to all that pleaſed to divert themſelves in it; where each, according to his Diſpoſition, might enjoy himſelf in ſhady Walks, by gently flowing, ſmooth

Canals,

Canals, or in cool Grottos, ſit by ſounding Water-Falls. No horrid Pits deformed the Surface dug in Search of Oar, and the Trees, which were Ever-greens, bore no rich Fruits, 'tis true, but ſerv'd to diverſify the Scene, or to conduct the Eye to a beautiful Edifice, called *The Temple of Fame*, where all the Viſtas ended as Lines meeting in their proper Center.

In this inchanting *Sejour* he choſe to indulge his Genius, and that to ſuch a Degree, that by the Time he was eighteen Years old, he compoſed a compleat Heroic Poem, called *Rinaldo*.

An Epic Poem was a *Phœnix*, which the World for above a thouſand Years had deſpair'd of ſeeing; and this, from the Age of its Author, was looked upon as a Prodigy. Now Fame ſeem'd to contend with Merit; That ſcorn'd to be out-done, and This to be equal'd.

He had taken Care, like his two Maſters, *Homer* and *Virgil*, to oblige many Kings and great Men, by an honourable Mention made artfully of their Families or Predeceſſors in his Works.

Charles IX. of *France* was ſo pleaſed with him for making the Hero of his Poem a *Frenchman*, that after long Solicitations, by the Influence of Cardinal *Eſte*, he got him to his Court, where he loaded him with Preſents worthy of the Prince and the Poet. Univerſities complimented him with Honours; and richer Bodies of Men, as well as Cardinals and Princes, with noble Preſents. But *Alphonſo*, Duke of *Ferrara*, and his Brother, Cardinal *Cynthio*, prevailed on him to take up his Reſidence in the Palace there. Now he ſeem'd to have overcome his ill Fortune, as the *Indians* think the Moon gets the better of Enchantments, when

ſhe

ſhe emerges from an Eclipſe. He was furniſhed with every Advantage that could improve his Mind, as well as make it eaſy; both which are equally neceſſary to form a good Writer. The ſurprizing Progreſs he made in his Studies, ſhew that he neglected nothing that could ſerve to promote the End he propoſed. In order to which, he made himſelf Maſter of the ſublime Manner of *Pindar*, the Sweetneſs of *Anacreon* and *Tibullus*, with the Vivacity of *Propertius*. This appears by his excelling in all theſe Kinds of writing. But what is to his immortal Praiſe, he raiſed the Dignity of paſtoral Poetry, from what he found it in the *Bucolics* of *Theocritus*, the *Eclogues* of *Virgil*, and the *Tuſcan Sannazarius*, into a noble Dramatic Poem, *The Aminta*, where the Unities of Action, Time and Place, are ſo exactly obſerved, that it has often, with great Applauſe,

been

been perform'd on the Stage.

Thus he ſoar'd from one Degree of Eminence to another, till at length he reach'd the Summit, where at his Eaſe he compoſed that Maſter-piece of human Wit, the *Gieruſalemme Liberata*; which was ſcarce ſooner known in *Italy*, than it was communicated not only to all *Europe*, by Tranſlations of it into the principal Tongues there, but even into the oriental Languages. So that *Taſſo*'s Fame was ſpread over Regions,

* *Qua Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris*
Qua nec Maronis Scripta —

The Warmth of the Glory that blazed around him, awaked whole Swarms of *Dunciad* Writers, under the various Denominations of Critics, Wits, and Philoſophers. Theſe he ſoon diſperſed or demoliſhed with great

* See *Smith*'s Verſes on Dr. *Pocock*, in the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*.

great Addreſs, as well as Force. And altho' the Attack was again furiouſly renewed by the Partizans for the Ancients, under Monſ. *Boileau* in *France*, I think he has long ſince been quietly in Poſſeſſion of the third * Place in the College of Poets.

Here again, as by the Force of Invention, which ſhone in him in the higheſt Degree, he ſtruck out a new Paſtoral Poem, ſo he freed the Epic from the Load of Mythological Trumpery founded on the *Pagan* Religion, which, conſequently, when that was aboliſhed, muſt be cold and unaffecting. Inſtead of it, he introduced a Machinery ſuitable to the *Chriſtian* Syſtem, or at leaſt, to the Superſtition that Authority grown blind with Age, or credulous Tradition, had mix'd intimately with it. This delivered the Work down much eaſier to

* See *Dryden*'s Dedication of the *Æneis*.

to *Milton*'s Hands; who was not at all aſhamed of his Obligations to him, as is evident from almoſt all his Poems, as well as from the 4th Book of the *Jeruſalem Freed* of *Taſſo*, in which Satan convenes the wicked Spirits in Council, harangues and employs them, in a Manner that gave a natural Riſe to the *Pandæmonium*; tho' it muſt be own'd, our Countryman's finiſhed Piece infinitely ſurpaſſes the ſlight *Ebauche* of the *Italian*.

He choſe to write in Stanzas, as *Dante* and *Arioſto* had done, which an *Engliſh* Tranſlator muſt wiſh he had not done. Mr. *Dryden*, and before him Mr. *Cowley*, two very experienced Judges, have declared the Stanza to be very improper for any *Grande Opus* in our Language; and from *Taſſo*'s rejecting it in ſome of his later Pieces, when his Judgment was more ma-

ture,

ture, one might be inclin'd to think he grew weary of it even in his. For this ſeems to carry with it an Oſtentation of too much Art, to ſerve many Purpoſes in the *Epopèe*, which require the greateſt Simplicity; as blank Verſe according to the *French* Critics (who call it *Poeſie en Proſe)* ſhews, they think, too little; being, ſay they, a middle Way, or mix'd Movement between Walking and Dancing. Plain Meat may be the moſt wholeſome Fare; but whoever profeſſes to give an Entertainment to the niceſt Taſtes about Town (as he that writes in Verſe certainly does if he means any thing) if he ſhould treat with nothing elſe, wou'd acquit himſelf as ill, as he that ſhould ſerve up only *Surprizes* and *Kickſhaws*, *Hors d'œuvres* and *Sweetmeats*.

He muſt very ſuperficially have conſider'd the

Structure and Genius of the *Engliſh* Language, that ſhou'd be hardy enough to vye in Rhymes with an *Italian* Maſter; all whoſe Words, except the Particles *in*, *non*, and a few more, perpetually end in a Vowel; of which there can be but five; whilſt ours indifferently terminate in all the Letters of the Alphabet. In theirs again, all the reſpective Perſons in every Tenſe of the ſame Conjugation, rhyme exactly to each other. But with us, whoever tries for Inſtance in the Verbs *ſing* and *bring*, will find the Preterperfect to be quite unlike, as *ſung* and *brought*. In the Participles of the Preter Tenſe, ſo much us'd in all modern Languages by Means of the Auxiliary Verbs, the Difference is ſtill greater. This ſhould deter a Man from attempting to contend with a celebrated Writer in a Recurrence of Rhymes, as *Fairfax* has done, unleſs he wou'd be content

tent to diſtort Words, and break the Limbs of Sentences, as he did. And yet unleſs the Reader will be ſo candid as to take this with him, he will be apt to condemn a Tranſlation for being unlike the Original; when in Truth the Difference may lie in the Meaſures, the Ictus in Reading, and in the Manner, more than in the Senſe. To give the Idea of the Author, is all we have to do; and, as Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Pope* have ſaid, to make him ſpeak as we conceive he would were he to expreſs himſelf in our Language. Thus the ſame Air may be preſerv'd, tho' play'd upon Inſtruments of a very different Tone and Compaſs. And whoever does not know how to preſerve the Image, and yet to diſcharge the Idiom, or to retain it with Judgment, will never attain to that free Stroke which conſtitutes the *Graceful* in writing. How this has been done by four

of the greateſt Poets ſince *Homer*, in the favourite Simile of the plaintive Nightingale, it may not be diſagreeable to ſee exhibited at one View, in Tranſlations as well as Imitations.

Ὡς δ' ὁτε Πανδάρεω κούρη Χλωρῆις ἀηδὼν
Καλον ἀειδησιν, ἔαρος νέον ἱσαμενοίο,
Δενδρέων ἐν πετάλοισι καθαζομένη πυκινοῖσι
Ἥτε θαμὰ τρωπῶσα χέει πολυηχέα φωνὴν
Παῖδ' ὀλοφυρομένη Ἴτυλον φίλον. Homer Odyſſ. xix. 520.

As when the Months are clad in flow'ry Green,
Sad *Philomel* in bow'ry Shades unſeen;
To vernal Aires aſſumes her varied Strains,
And *Itylus* ſounds warbling o'er the Plains:
Young *Itylus* his Parent's darling Joy
Whom chance miſled the Mother to deſtroy,
Now doom'd a wakeful Bird, to wail the beauteous Boy.
POPE.

Qualis

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fœtus quos durus Arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit, at illa
Flet noctem ramoq; ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, & mœſtis læte loca queſtibus implet.

VIRGIL.

So cloſe in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
The Mother Nightingale laments alone;
Whoſe Neſt ſome prying Churl had found, and thence
By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd * Innocence:
With one continu'd † Tenor ſtill complains,
Which fills the Foreſt and the neighb'ring Plains.

DRYDEN.

* The Word Innocence conveys no Idea at all. Is a young Bird more innocent than an old one?

† Continued Tenor is the Reverſe of Integrat.

Come

Come Uſignuol, cui'l villan duro invole
Dal nido; Figli no pennuti ancora
Che in miſerabil canto afflitte e Sole
Piange le notti, e n'empie i boſchi e l'ora
Al fin co'l novo Di rinchiude alquanto
I Lumi; e'l Sonno in Cor ſerpe fra'l pianto.

TASSO.

So the ſweet Nightingale, whoſe unfledg'd Young
Some Churl unpitying ſtole, renews her Song:
Childleſs the live-long Night ſhe mourns alone,
The Groves and echoing Shore repeat her Moan.
At length weigh'd weary'd down at op'ning Day,
Plaintive ſhe ſlumbers on the thorny Spray.

L—G.

Here the Subject of the Compariſon is the ſame, yet whoever ſteps from one Language to another, will find a Difference 'tis true, but it lies chiefly in the Idiom

Idiom and the Manner which is perſonal, and cou'd not be common to all the Four great Wits. What the *Neapolitan* finds excellent in the *Mantuan*, I think he leaves ſuper-excellent. And every Epiſode, with which he abounds more than any of the Poets, when it has Juſtice done it, is a ſufficient Refutation of that Appellation which Lord *Roſcommon* would fix upon *Taſſo*, of being a Tinſel Poet. But it is no uncommon Thing from a thin cold Writer to draw a Picture from his own Looking-Glaſs.

Thus have I follow'd our Author from his Orient Brightneſs, thro' a ſour, tempeſtuous Morning, up to his ſerene Meridian. Here we find him receiving Compliments from the Triple Crown, invited by Emperors and Kings, and entertain'd by a Sovereign Prince, who thought himſelf honour'd by his Company. Nothing

was

was wanting to make his Happineſs compleat but a Miſtreſs; which is held as neceſſary for a Poet as a Knight Errand. Fortune allotted him the Princeſs *Leonora*, Siſter to the Duke; whether ſhe intended it for a Favour will admit of ſome Diſpute. So rich a Preſent ſeems quite unneceſſary; for a Poet might have taken a Lady of lower Quality, and have made her at leaſt a Princeſs in the firſt *Pindaric* Ode. *Leonora* was the moſt compleat Lady of that polite Age. She had a Taſte for Wit, and he was not inſenſible of Beauty. This mutual Admiration for the moſt brilliant Accompliſhments, grew inſenſibly into a ſtronger Paſſion. What Share mere human Nature had in this Affair, under the Favour of frequent Opportunities, wou'd at this Diſtance puzzle an Eccleſiaſtical Court to determine. The Marquis *Manſi*, who is ſo jealous of the Honour

of

of his Friend, that he will not ſuffer the leaſt Imputation to be caſt upon it; (and which he defends not only from the Simplicity, but even Sanctity of his Manners,) will allow it to be nothing more than what *Taſſo* himſelf ſays of it,

E baſta ben, ch'i ſereni Occhi e'l Riſo
M' infiammin di piacer celeſte e ſanto.

But Monſ. *Mirabaud*, who like a true *Frenchman* loves an Intrigue, or at leaſt to talk of one, will by no Means permit this Matter to ſteal off ſo; Wit and Beauty, he thought, were made for each other, and both are thrown away upon thoſe that are inſenſible of their Charms; if ſo, the moſt delicate Perception of their Merit will be apt to appear to be the moſt juſt Recommendation. This Title a Poet cou'd eaſily make out for his Heroe, how much more clear is it

 when

when the Poet is himſelf the Heroe? Beſides the Qualifications for this mutual Admiration were very juſtly diſpos'd; ſhe had Beauty in the firſt Degree, and Wit in the ſecond; he Wit in the firſt, and Beauty in the ſecond. Theſe are Circumſtances, that under proper Diſpoſitions of the Planets, in the Families of Princes in certain Epochas, ſerve to furniſh Matter ſometimes for a War, and ſometimes for a Lampoon. As to his Perſon, *Taſſo* was (ſays *Caſoni* in his Life of him) *di alta ſtatura, di nobile preſenza.* He had Eyes *cerulei e vivaci le carni biauche, le membra tutte con debita ſimmetria proportionate*; his Air intelligent and graceful, which recommended and made him eaſily a Favourite with every one, except (according to the *Italian Concetto*) with Fortune. Whatſoever Grounds then there was for Cenſure, there was more than

enough

enough for Suſpicion: And Scandal is of ſo ductile a Nature, that a little of it will ſet a whole Court a Whiſpering. *Taſſo*, who was enraged for the Lady's Sake, at what had tranſpired, fix'd it upon a Confident of his, whom in his Fury he ſtruck, not far from the Prince's Perſon. This was no very likely Method to ſuppreſs the Inſinuations. A Challenge immediately enſued. He was very punctually at a ſecret Place according to Appointment; where expecting his Adverſary alone, he was ſurpriz'd at the Sight of three more, who all like Aſſaſſins fell upon him. He receiv'd their Charge with great Firmneſs, and by his Agility in traverſing the Ground, Skill at his Weapon, and uncommon Strength of Limbs, he ſoon broke their Line, and when he got at each ſeparately, he ſo gall'd them with Wounds, that in a Manner worthy their

Intention, the Villains left a ſingle Gentleman in Poſſeſſion of the Field.

The Duke, who knew enough of this Affair, perhaps too much, receiv'd him in Tranſport, both for his Safety and the Fame of his Gallantry. He made Uſe of a *Fineſſe* that cou'd hardly eſcape an *Italian* Politician, which was to pretend to have ſo great a Regard for his Perſon, that to defend him from any unfair Play for the future, he favour'd him with a ſtrict Confinement, which by proper Degrees ended in an abſolute Impriſonment.

The Princeſs *Leonora*'s Caſe in this Conjuncture was highly to be pity'd. 'Twere barbarous not to employ her Intereſt in his Favour; and to find him always us'd the worſe for it, was a wretched Dilemma to which unfortunate Lovers are often reduc'd. But I

leave

leave her Complaints, Soliloquies and Menaces, to be deſcrib'd in a pathetic Poem by that Poet, who ſhall in the manner of *Ovid*, or his Equal *Antonio Bruni*, write an *Epiſtola Eroicha* from *Leonora* to *Taſſo*.

Taſſo had from a Child a Spice of Madneſs in his Conſtitution; as thoſe of exceſſive, or as they have been call'd of immoderate Parts, uſually have. And if we will believe *Ariſtotle* in his Problems, a Saying of *Democritus*, and *Plato* in his *Phædrus*, they can ſcarce fail of having: Which may phyſically be accounted for thus; that the Animal Spirits, be they what they will, either the moſt refined and ethereal Part of the Blood, or purely immaterial, being hurry'd up, if Matter, in undue Quantities, if Spirit, in undue Actions, for the Service of the Imagination, and not properly waſted, in the Uſe of the Senſes, as in Men

of

of leſs violent Thought, cauſe an unnatural Tenſion of the membraneous Parts of the Brain. In this Opinion one is confirm'd by Experience, as the Cure is ſolely performed by Relaxation.

But to return; the Loſs of the Duke's Favour, a gloomy Apartment in the *Prigione di ſanta Anna*, and a tedious Solitude coinciding with his Temperament, got the better of that Underſtanding, which had been the Admiration of Mankind, and reduc'd it to a deplorable State of Ruin. A moſt afflicting Object, when it befalls the truly Great! And what made his Caſe if poſſible the worſe was, that when he was throughly rowz'd, he had the Uſe of his Underſtanding in all its Strength; as many of the Critics againſt him felt to their Coſt, and as appears by ſeveral of his Letters, during the Intervals to Cardinal *Gonzaga*

and

and the Duke *d'Urbino*. So that he ſuffer'd the only Addition that cou'd be made to his Miſery, in a ſtrong, lively Perception of it. Which is a Privilege, if we will believe *Mr. *Prior*, reſerv'd for thoſe of the fineſt Parts,

What avails it to be wiſe,
To view this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes,
To know with more Diſtinction to complain
And have ſuperior Senſe in feeling Pain?

At length the Duke, rather weary than ſatisfy'd, in perſecuting him, conniv'd at his eſcaping out of Priſon. But alas! the Liberty he ſo much long'd for, added nothing to his Happineſs. He wandred up and down a melancholy Fugitive, meeting juſt as many Friends as thoſe that want them will be ſure to find. Till at length his truly noble Patron Cardinal *Aldebrandino*, who knew his Merit as well as the undeſerved

* *Vide* Prior's *Solomon.*

ſerved Severity of his Fortune, found him out, and effectually recommended him to that great Encourager of learned Men, his Uncle, *Clement* VII. The Pope careſs'd him with all the Tenderneſs that his hard Fate requir'd, and reſolv'd he ſhould have the Honour of the Poetic Laurel, and be crown'd in Form in the Capitol.

So that at length he ſeems arriv'd at the *Acme* of human Glory, if we will believe Cardinal *Pallavicini*; who ſays of a great Prelate, that in his Youth he was admired by the Court of *Rome*, whoſe Glory it is not to admire even what is marvellous. *La Corta di Roma la quale ſi gloria de non ammirare eziandio l' ammirabile.*

Now Precedents were ſearch'd, that the Proceſſion might every way be perform'd *more majorum*. Antique

Carrs

Cars were built, triumphal Arches erected, and adorned with Trophies and Feſtoons expreſſive of the Occaſion. The whole College of Cardinals were to receive him in their richeſt Habits, and to preſent him to the *Roman* Senate, whoſe Trappings were as magnificent, and Beards as venerable, as when they were truly great by their Liberty and Virtue. The tedious Fatigue of ſo pompous a Ceremony, was more than he had Conſtitution enough left to bear. At one Time a ſevere Regimen, at another improper Exerciſe, in Combination with corroſive Reflections on his own hard Fate, and on what Sort of Creatures Fortune pours down her Favours, had reduced him to ſo emaciated a Habit of Body, that it was thought highly proper to defer the Proceſſion till he ſhould be better able to un-

dergo it. To recruit his Strength, he was lodged in the Convent of St. *Onuphrio*, where he was attended with all Care and Reſpect: But his Weakneſs increas'd ſo faſt, that it was evident to all about him, that, according to his own delicate Expreſſion, it would never be his Fate to be crown'd

Di caduchi allori,
Ma fu nel Cielo infra i Beati Cori
Di Stelle immortali aurea Corona.

Cardinal *Cynthio* behaved on this, as on all other Occaſions, in a Manner worthy of his true Nobility; which, whatever certain Heirs apparent, of great Hopes, or rather of great Expectations, may imagine, does not conſiſt in Pride and Titles. He ſcorned to deceive a Friend, any otherwiſe than by doubling his Kindneſs as the

the Caſe required. He attended him through his Sickneſs, and adminiſter'd aſſiduouſly all the Comforts of Religion, which is the greateſt Act of Friendſhip that Man can ſhew to a Fellow Creature. Nor did ſuch Generoſity loſe its Reward: For one may venture to ſay, that he is more known, and more eſteemed for being *Taſſo*'s Friend, than for his high Honours and illuſtrious Blood, which might well contend with the firſt in *Europe*.

As he ſaw Death advancing with larger Steps, he waſted not the little Time that remained in any affected philoſophical Diſquiſitions, of Points that muſt for ever be doubtful, or are ſufficiently eſtabliſhed, but in explaining the ſublime Truths of Religion, and deducing from them Arguments for Humility and Reſignation,

nation, which he did in ſo maſterly and pathetic a Manner, as to draw Tears from all that heard him. He had ſo entirely diveſted himſelf of all Pride and Vanity, that when they conſulted him about his Monument, he anſwered that a rough Stone would be ſufficient. And that Deſire of Fame, which bears up heroic Spirits with an enthuſiaſtic Energy, through all Dangers and Labours, was ſo thoroughly corrected and mortified; that as *Virgil* had done for his *Æneis*, he earneſtly entreated, as far as was poſſible, that his Works might be ſuppreſſed, or at leaſt condemned to the Flames.

Thus in the fifty-firſt Year of his Age, when Parts and Judgment are uſually in the Height of Perfection, died *Torquato Taſſo*; a Man diſtinguiſhed by natural

natural Abilities, by Learning, Virtues, and Misfortunes, above the Sons of Men. In his Account of himſelf, he divides his own Life into the Years of his Baniſhment, his Impriſonment, and his Inſanity. An Example to teach all proſperous Villains, that there muſt be a Time ——

——— *Si quid*
Uſquam Juſtitiæ eſt & Mens ſibi conſcia recti.

In which the Inequalities in their and his Fortune muſt be ſet right. The following Epitaph is inſcribed in the Church of St. *Onuphrio* in *Rome*, on a magnificent Sepulchre erected to his Memory by Cardinal *Bevilaqua*.

D. O M.

D. O. M.

TORQUATI TASSI

Ossa hic Jacent.

Hoc ne nescius esset Hospes

Fratres hujus Ecclesiæ

Posuerunt.

Anno M. D. XCV.

The ARGUMENT of the fifteenth Book of *Torquato Taſſo*'s JERUSALEM DELIVER'D.

WHEN the two noble Youths, Ubaldo *and* Carlo, *had reſolv'd to follow the Directions of their ſage Inſtructor, they found a miraculous little Veſſel ready to receive them: They boldly enter it; and ſailing by the Coaſt of* Egypt, *ſee the prodigious Fleet and Army of the Sultan. Their Voyage is deſcribed, and how they defended themſelves againſt the furious Efforts of wild Beaſts, and the more dangerous Attacks of enticing Beauty.*

LIB. XV.

NOW had *Aurora*, with her roſy Smiles,
Wak'd the dull Race of Mortals to their Toils;
When to the Youths the Reverend Father brought
The Shield, the Wand, and Map divinely wrought.
With theſe, he cry'd, the grand Emprize purſue,
E'er yet the mounting Sun ſweeps off the Dew.
Theſe are my promis'd Gifts, and theſe your Arms,
To ſpoil th' Inchantreſs, and unbind her Charms.
Their Mail complete the Warriors ſnatch'd in Haſte,
And ſoon their ſinewy Limbs in Steel were cas'd.
Oft looking back, the careful Guardian ſhew'd
Thro' the thick Wood the gloomy winding Road.
Still the ſame Path-way, now a beaten Track,
By which they came, th' Adventurers meaſur'd back;

Till

Till at a Flood arriv'd, Farewel, he cry'd,
Now proſp'rous Gales, and Fortune be your Guide.
This ſaid, the Flood their plunging Weight receiv'd,
Then ſwelling bore them on its Waves upheav'd:
As o'er a Stream the Leaves in Tempeſts torne,
Firſt ſink, then riſe up, down the Current borne;
Thus floating were they wafted o'er the Brook.
From the green Bank they caſt a wiſtful Look;
When lo! full ſtretch'd, a Veſſel they diſcern,
With a fair Virgin Pilot at the Stern.
Her riſing Brow depending Ringlets grace,
And Airs celeſtial bloom upon her Face:
Around her Head a living Glory plays,
Such as Immortals ſhed, a heav'nly Blaze!
Her Robe now flames with warm Vermilion bright;
And now reflects a cooler Azure Light.

Still as ſhe turns her in the ſolar Beams,
Some beauteous momentary Luſtre gleams.
Thus where you ſee th' impurpl'd Plumage deck
The billing Pidgeon's variegated Neck,
The gloſſy Down reflects a trembling Hue,
Shifting its Place for ever gay and new:
A ruby Collar now the Lover wears,
Now in an Em'rald's vivid Green appears;
Now both are mix'd; both loſt; freſh Beauties riſe,
At once to charm and cheat the Gazer's Eyes.
Belov'd of Heav'n, ſhe cry'd, this Bark aſcend:
At my Command the liſt'ning Gales attend;
Where'er this wond'rous Veſſel ſkims the Seas,
Down ſink the Waves, the howling Tempeſts ceaſe.
I come diſpatch'd from Heav'n's all-gracious Pow'r,
Your Guide, your Friend in this auſpicious Hour.

This ſaid, her ſteady Boat ſhe drove to Land :
The crooked Keel bites deep the yielding Sand.
Soon as the Boat the noble Pair receives,
The Land ſhe from the biting Keel relieves ;
Then ſtretch'd the Canvas to the ready Wind,
And guides it bellying from the Poop behind.
The ſwelling Stream it's ancient Bounds o'erflow'd,
Equal to bear a crowded Navy's Load ;
Tho' at its loweſt Ebb, the wat'ry Height
Might well bear off the Frigate and her Freight.
Swift ſhoots the Pinnace coaſting down the Wind ;
The Billows foam before, and hiſs behind.
At length the Chanel's op'ning Mouth they reach,
Where the rude Ocean beats the ſounding Beach ;
Here loſt the River's ſwelling Honours ſeem,
Slow ſlide the Waves, and ſunk the flatt'ning Stream.

Soon

Soon as the hallow'd Veſſel touch'd the Tide,
Huſh'd down at once the angry Waves ſubſide.
No low'ring Cloud the Face of Heav'n deforms,
No whiſtling Wind the Harbinger of Storms;
But balmy Gales the wrinkled Surface ſweep,
And chearful Skies ſmile once more in the Deep.
By *Aſcalon* they ſteer'd; then winding croſs'd
The level Deep down to the Weſtern Coaſt.
With ſteady Speed they firſt to *Gaza* came,
Gaza, a Harbour once unknown to Fame;
But now, from mighty Cities ruin'd, great,
On her wide Plains embattled Nations meet.
Dreadful Aſſembly! num'rous as the Sand,
The thick Battalions blacken all the Strand.
With haſty Look the Paſſengers explore
The hoſtile Armaments and tented Shore.

They

They ſaw the Horſe, and Swarms of Foot, maintain
A Commerce from the City to the Main.
Enormous Camels toil beneath their Load,
And caſtl'd Elephants preſs deep the Road.
Within the Port they ſaw the Navy ride,
Or floating looſe, or by their Haulſers ty'd.
Some hoiſt the Sails, ſome ply their Oars, and ſweep
With wide extended Arms the powder'd Deep:
The wat'ry Plain yields to th' inſulting Prow,
And broken Billows ſmoke and foam below.

Now mark, the Pilot cry'd, ye noble Friends,
Mark! how the horrid Front of War extends.
Along the winding Shore this dreadful Length
Diſplays not half th' *Egyptian* Tyrant's Strength:
Theſe are his ſwarthy home-collected Bands,
Drawn from the ſlimy *Nile*, or *Lybian* Sands:

But know the Sultan boaſts his barb'rous Sway
From Regions gilded with the op'ning Day,
Up to the Noon-tide Arch that parts the Skies,
And from each diſtant Realm exacts Supplies.
Oh! till we meaſure back theſe Seas again,
Here may th' unwieldy Multitude remain;
Still want a King, or warlike Chief, to lead
To *Sion*'s Walls the Croud without a Head.
Thus ſhe; and as an Eagle bent to find
His Way thro' Nations of the feather'd Kind,
Now theſe he leaves, now thoſe, ſecure of Flight,
And tow'rs up leſs'ning in the Streams of Light;
So thro' the Fleet the Skiff evaſive flies,
And all their Force, and all their Speed defies.
Wond'ring they ſaw the baffled Navy croſt,
And ey'd her down the wide *Cerulean* loſt.

In

In Sight of *Syrian Raphia* ſoon they ſail;
Thee, *Raphia*, firſt *Egyptian* Pilots hail,
On *Syria*'s Coaſt; then *Rhinocera* paſt,
Where the flat Shore expos'd a ſandy Waſte:
Not ſo the neighb'ring Hill, with Foreſts crown'd,
Caſts o'er the Sea a trembling Shade around,
Whilſt at his Foot repuls'd the Billows rave,
Where *Pompey*'s Trunk obtain'd, at length, a Grave.
To *Damiat'* now they came; and ſaw the *Nile*,
By ſeven wide Mouths, thro' *Egypt*'s fatten'd Soil,
And by a hundred leſs conſpicuous Ways,
Enriching with celeſtial Floods the Seas.
To *Alexandria* next, whoſe Name beſpeaks
Its godlike Founder for his trading *Greeks*.
Beyond it *Pharo* lies, an Iſle no more,
Now a firm Nook projecting from the Shore.

Short to the Weſt from *Crete* and *Rhodes* they veer
Their Northern Courſe, and full for *Afric* ſteer;
For *Afric*'s Shores diſplay a beauteous Scene,
Tho' her parch'd Sands with Monſters teem within.
They left *Marmarique* and *Cyrene*, crown'd
With five fair Cities thro' the World renown'd.
Then *Ptolemais*, and the fabled Wood,
Whence ſluggiſh *Lethe* flows, oblivious Flood!
Far from the greater *Syrte*'s boiling Sand
Aloof they ſteer'd, and bearing tow'rd the Land,
Doubling *Judeca*'s Cape, ſecure they flew
From Eddies fatal to the ſailing Crew.
Here lofty *Tripoly* her Turrets rear'd;
There *Malta* ſquat ſcarce o'er the Waves appear'd.
From other Quickſands now again they fled,
And the fam'd Race by flow'ry *Lotos* fed.

Near

Near this emboſom'd deep within a Bay,
Edg'd round with rocky Mountains, *Tunis* lay
Superb and opulent! On all her Coaſts
Lybia than this no fairer City boaſts.
Oppos'd to her, on the *Sicilian* Side,
Great *Lillibeum* ſhews her tow'ry Pride.
The fair hair'd Pilot pointing o'er the Flood,
Deſcrib'd the ſpacious Round where *Carthage* ſtood.
Imperial *Carthage!* ſad inſtructive Scene,
Now lies with Thorns o'er-run, and Weeds obſcene.
Thus all by Mortals little Pride call'd great,
Cities and mould'ring Empires yield to Fate;
And ſhall vain Man, calamitous by Birth,
Form diſtant Hopes? frail, ſhort-liv'd Son of Earth!
From hence they ſkim along *Byſertus'* Strand,
And left *Sardinia* on their better Hand.

Next they arriv'd where the *Numidian* Swain
Tends his vague Flock unhous'd upon the Plain.
Bugia they left; and now *Algiers*; a bloody Neſt
Of murd'rous Pyrates here the Seas infeſt:
Here lies *Oran*; there *Tingitana*'s Shore,
Where Elephants and hungry Lyons roar.
Morocco next, and *Feſs* their Empire boaſt,
Confronting proud *Granada* on her Coaſt.

Now were they ſafe where ancient Poets feign
The vaſt *Herculean* Work bars out the Main:
And what forbids that one continued Beach,
Unbroken, ſhou'd to *Spain* from *Lybia* reach?
Where burſting thro' the boiſt'rous Ocean laves
Abila here, there *Calpé*, with its Waves
Once ſtrictly join'd. Thus old Tradition ſings;
Thus eating Time deſtroys the Face of Things.

Four times the Eaſt glow'd with the riſing Sun,
Since firſt the Crew their proſp'rous Voy'ge begun:
No hoſpitable Port, or ſhelt'ring Bay,
They ſought, but urg'd, well ſtor'd, their rapid Way;
Till from that Streight's contracted Paſſage free,
Braving the Gulph, they ſhot into the Sea.
But what are Seas, nam'd with the ſhoreleſs Main,
Whoſe circling Arms the floating Earth contain?
Now *Gades* behind her rocky Coaſt withdrew,
And now the Coaſt ſunk as the Veſſel flew;
Till all was undiſtinguiſh'd Sea around,
A gliſt'ning Plain by Heav'ns blue Confines bound;
When to the Guide *Ubaldo* ſaid, E'er this
Did ever Mortals tempt the vaſt Abyſs?
And ſay, fair Pilot, if the boundleſs Deep
Does unknown Regions in her Boſom keep?

When

When great *Alcides* had from Monſters freed
Afric and *Spain*, quoth ſhe, a god-like Deed!
He ceas'd not recreant in inglorious Eaſe,
But ſcour'd the Nations to theſe untry'd Seas;
Then fix'd his Monument on either Side,
Yon Pillars, to confine Man's roving Pride.
Ulyſſes with his Crew firſt dar'd deſpiſe
Thoſe Bounds; exchanging happy to be wiſe.
Swift thro' the Rocks their reeling Bark they guide,
And all their Art, and all their Force they try'd.
Vain was their Art, and all their Force was vain:
Inteſtine Feuds boil'd up the tumbling Main;
Old Ocean roar'd; a Chaſm receiv'd the Dead,
And the mad Waves clos'd daſhing o'er their Head;
No Wretch return'd their Folly to relate,
Who premature diſturb'd the Scheme of Fate.

Hence

Hence yet a Thouſand Realms remain unknown,
With each a native Monarch on its Throne,
Whoſe Names are hid in Night. Nor proves the Soil
Ungrateful to the greedy Ploughman's Toil:
But loaded Ears, and Air-perfuming Flow'rs,
Commend their Weſtern Sun, and genial Show'rs.
But firſt their Manners, ſays the Youth, declare,
And to what Pow'r they ſuppliant kneel in Pray'r.
Who can their Manners, and their Rites deſcribe,
Whoſe Rites and Manners vary with each Tribe?
Some to mute Beaſts unclean addreſs their Pray'rs,
To Earth, the Sun, and Heaven's unconſcious Stars:
Others, quoth ſhe, indulge in human Food,
Horrid Repaſt! and quaff a Brother's Blood.
And all from *Calpé* to the ſetting Sun,
Are wicked Rites in falſe Religion done.

But

But will that pitying God, the Youth rejoin'd,
Who came with heav'nly Truths to bleſs Mankind,
Leave far excluded from celeſtial Light
Unnumber'd Nations doom'd to endleſs Night?
Oh! no; here Arts ſhall in their Turn ſucceed,
She ſaid, and Science lift her laurel'd Head.
Learning ſhall in the Weſt her Empire fix,
And both the Worlds in eaſy Commerce mix.
The Time ſhall come when Mariners unborn
Shall name *Alcides* and his Streights in Scorn,
Deſpiſe each Tale, but what freſh Tidings brings
Of new-found Provinces, and barb'rous Kings.
No more the tim'rous Crew ſhall ſteer the Coaſt,
And eye the Land-mark trembling to be loſt,
But thro' the Ocean boundleſs Courſes run,
Girt the vaſt Globe, and emulate the Sun.

I ſee! I ſee! from *Genoa* ſhall ariſe
The bold Adventurer on the grand Emprize.
Not the foul Tempeſt, when he loudeſt raves,
Nor mur'drous Coaſts, or all the War of Waves;
Not all the Perils that unheard of, ſleep
Sullen within the yet unpractis'd Deep,
Shall check the Ardor of his daring Mind,
Or hold him in the World's old Bounds confin'd:
But great *Columbus* to the nether Pole,
O'er Worlds of Waters ſhall undaunted roll;
Whilſt Fame herſelf with all her thouſand Eyes,
And thouſand Wings, ſcarce kens him as he flies.
Why, let her ſing her lov'd *Alcides'* Praiſe,
Or with *Lyæan Bacchus* crown her Lays.
Yet this ſhort Sketch from my prophetic Tongue,
Imperfect Sketch! theſe unplough'd Waves among,

Shall fill ſome grave Hiſtorian's faithful Page,
And warm ſome nervous Poet's ſacred Rage.
She ſpoke; and looſing to a briſker Wind
The Sheet from Weſt, ſouthweſtward they inclin'd.
Here whilſt the ruddy Orb ſunk in the Weſt,
At the ſame Time the Morn beſtreak'd the Eaſt:
But when the ſmiling Daughter of the Dawn
Had gilded o'er the Dew-beſpangled Lawn;
Far off a Hill confus'dly they deſcry'd,
Whoſe cloud-capt Brow thick heavy Vapours hide.
But as they nearer to the Mountain drew,
The broken Proſpect open'd to their View;
Foul curling Smoke in Volumes roll'd above:
As where *Enceladus* lies fix'd by *Jove*;
So here by Turns from the *Volcano*'s Height,
Smoke burſts by Day, and Flames blaze out by Night.

Cluſt'ring

Cluſt'ring around here other Iſlands lay,
Which ſeem'd like riſing Moles to ſtudd the Sea.
Theſe were the bliſsful Iſles of ancient Date,
Stil'd in deſcriptive Song, The Fortunate.
Propitious Heav'ns here laviſh Gifts beſtow:
On the green Lawns the Flow'rs unbidden grow;
Luxuriant Soils ſpontaneous Fruits produce,
And unprun'd Vines ſupply the generous Juice;
Olives with unctuous Show'rs bedrop the Ground,
And nectar'd Cells in hollow Oaks abound:
The cryſtal Streams in ſoft deſcending Rills,
And murm'ring Falls, refreſh the verdant Hills;
On downy Wings eternal Zephyrs move;
No ſpiteful Blaſt aſſaults the ſpicy Grove.
Theſe are *Elyſian* Fields, where, Poets ſing,
The happy Ghoſts enjoy unfading Spring.

To theſe the Pilot ſteer'd, and thus begun:
Hail happy Youths! whoſe Toils their Courſe have run,
Theſe are the Iſles of Fortune far renown'd
In Fame; but Fame is an uncertain Sound,
Noiſy and falſe. Her Wonders ſhe relates,
And all her Wonders ſtill exaggerates.
Thus ſpoke the heav'nly Virgin mild, and then
Bore down, and made the foremoſt of the ten.
When *Carlo* thus the virtuous Pow'r addreſs'd:
Oh! if our arduous Taſk admits of Reſt,
Here let us, landed on this beauteous Iſle,
Learn all their Cuſtoms, and obſerve their Soil;
That we to diſtant Nations may reveal
Their Laws, their Manners, and religious Zeal,
And well inform'd, to others may declare
Truths not unworthy of th' attentive Ear.

O Youth, whom ev'ry nobler Thought inſpires,
And ev'ry Aim that virtuous Boſoms fires,
This yet untimely Blazon muſt not be:
Shall curious Man foreſtall Heav'ns fix'd Decree?
No; many Suns muſt meaſure o'er the Earth,
E'er yet the rip'ning Secret claims a Birth.
Till then intruding Mortals ſtrive in vain
To violate the ſacred Wonders of the Main.
Think, that beyond the Sailor's Art 'tis given
To you, unpractis'd, by the Will of Heav'n,
To rouſe your Champion from his fatal Sleep,
And ſafe convey him o'er the World's great Deep.
Let that ſuffice. Who aims too high, ſhall late
Lament that Folly that contends with Fate.
She frowning ſaid; whilſt as the firſt withdrew,
A ſecond Iſland gain'd upon their View.

She

She ſhew'd how to the Eaſt theſe Iſlands lay
Extended, to ſalute the op'ning Day:
Bids them obſerve how glitt'ring Waves between
In equal Spaces beautify the Scene.
In ſeven the Marks of human Care are found,
Till'd were the Lands, and Huts were ſcatter'd round:
Unexercis'd the three remaining lay,
Stock'd with fierce Monſters, and foul Beaſts of Prey.

A ſolitary Creek in one of theſe,
Hollow and wide, affords a ſafe Receſs:
Sharp Rocks around, like circling Horns, extend
Their Bounds, which in a narrow Paſſage end.
Here daſhing Billows vent their Rage in vain;
Two jutting Cliffs repel the ruſhing Main:
Theſe o'er the reſt diſplay their airy Height,
To doubtful Mariners a chearful Sight.

Serene below lies ſtretch'd the ſilent Flood,
Which from the Brow reflects the trembling Wood;
A central Grotto, fring'd with Verdure, pours
A cryſtal Stream in gay refracted Show'rs.
Here uſeleſs were the Cables twiſted Length;
None here cou'd need the bearded Anchor's Strength.
'Twas thro' theſe Cliffs the Pilot ſteer'd the Boat,
And left her, furling up the Sails, afloat.
Obſerve, ſays ſhe, yon tall ſtupendous Pile,
Which on the Mountain's Top o'erlooks the Iſle;
Within thoſe Walls your Chriſtian Champion lies
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe, and ſoft debaſing Joys:
Thither proceed; take for your Guide the Sun,
And let your Taſk be with the Day begun.
Shake off the Influence of the drowſy Pow'r:
One, only one, is an auſpicious Hour.

Fly then, nor loſe the yet remaining Day,
Swift to the Mountain Foot purſue your Way.
She ſpoke; their Leave they took, and with a Bound
From the receding Veſſel reach'd the Ground;
With ready Steps a flow'ry Plain they croſs'd,
And found their Toils in the Deluſion loſt:
Unweary'd thus they to the Mountain preſs'd,
Long e'er the Sun ſunk wid'ning to the Weſt.
A while their deſtin'd Labours they ſurvey,
The tow'ring Summit and the rocky Way,
Mark'd the bleak Cliffs by which they muſt aſcend,
Saw where the Winter's frozen Regions end,
And where the Spring begins. Here Lillies blow,
There Roſes bluſh upon the bordering Snow.
Unmixt, abrupt Extremes lie ever near;
So fix'd the Seaſons of the magic Year!

The Pair upon a moſſy Carpet laid,
Paſs'd the cold Night beneath the Woodland Shade;
Then freſh aroſe, to climb with haſty Strides,
Tho' ſteep the Road, the dewy Mountain's Sides.
Now had the Sun, eternal Fount of Light,
Smil'd o'er the Earth in orient Beauty bright;
When lo! a hideous Serpent (ſtrange to tell!)
Came ruſling forward from ſome lurking Cell.
His clouded Head was ſtreak'd with droſſy Gold;
Wrath ſwell'd his Neck; his bloodſhot Eye-balls roll'd
Darting quick Fire. The Path lay hid beneath
His gloſſy Breaſt; and pois'nous was his Breath.
Now he projects in Folds his furious Strength;
Now gathers up in Rage his ſcaly Length.
Thus menacing he ruſh'd the Paſs to guard;
But onward preſs'd the Knights by Heav'n prepar'd.

Carlo his Faulchion brandiſh'd high in Air,
When, Ah! *Ubaldo* cry'd, raſh Youth forbear.
Alas! can Force or temper'd Steel avail
Againſt the furious Monſter and his Mail?
He ſaid; and as he wav'd the ſacred Wand,
The ſhrinking Reptile ſhudder'd at a Stand:
Sunk were his Eyes, unmov'd his ſtiff'ning Tongue,
And ſcarce he trail'd, diſtreſs'd, his lazy Length along.
As they advanc'd, loud-roaring from the Wood,
Thwarting the Road a brindled Lyon ſtood.
He curls his ſhaggy Mane, collects his Paws,
And open throws a wide Expanſe of Jaws;
Laſh'd by his Stern his hollow Sides reſound:
But when the Warrlour ſhook his Charms around,
He crouch'd; with thrilling Horror ſtruck half-dead,
The lordly Coward trembled as he fled.

The valiant Couple ſtill their Way purſu'd,
And ſtill freſh Monſters their Attacks renew'd.
In different Yells the ghaſtly Numbers roar,
Deform'd and vaſt; in Shapes ne'er ſeen before:
Such as in *Afric*'s Waſtes were never known,
From ſwarming *Nilus* to the *Torrid Zone*;
Such as ne'er met at the inceſtuous Floods,
Thro' pathleſs Tracts in deep *Hyrcanian* Woods.
But if ſome Monſter, hardier than the reſt,
Dar'd to advance the Heroes to moleſt,
Soon as (how ſtrange!) the quiv'ring Wand they rear'd,
Stun'd they recoil'd, and join'd the frighted Herd.
Thus, every bold intruding Danger ceas'd,
Up the ſteep Brow with lab'ring Steps they preſs'd,
Oft ſliding back, and oft advancing ſlow
O'er icy Slopes and Cliffs of frozen Snow.

But when they reach'd the craggy Summit's Height,
A ſpacious Level open'd to their Sight.
At ev'ry Step new Beauties they deſcry;
Soft was the Air, and cloudleſs was the Sky.
Their balmy Spirits breathing Flow'rs exhale,
Fann'd by the Pinions of the Weſtern Gale.
The conſtant Sun ne'er rolls his Orb away,
But ſheds a calm uninterrupted Day.
No fierce Extremes a hateful Change repeat,
From Wet to Cold, from Cold to ſultry Heat.
Here the red Dog-ſtar ne'er his Fury tries,
Nor hoary Winter freezes in the Skies;
But flow'ry Herbs, and aromatick Flow'rs
Prove the kind Influence of prolific Show'rs.
Cloſe by a glaſſy Lake a Palace ſtood,
Rais'd to command the Plain, and diſtant Flood.

The Knights, with long fatiguing Marches ſpent,
Breathleſs a while review'd the ſteep Aſcent;
Then mov'd, then paus'd; and now refreſh'd again,
Reſum'd their Journey o'er the flowr'y Plain.
When lo! a Ciſtern, from the rocky Heights
Supply'd, the thirſty Travellers invites;
The copious Streams in Silver Sheets o'erflow,
And water wide the verdant Plain below:
But as they crept uniting thro' the Mead,
Silent and ſwift ran gathering to a Head:
A rapid River ſoon they roll'd away,
And on its wave-worn Banks the Willows play:
Shaded and deep the Flood now gently flows,
Yet all above and all beneath it ſhews.
Here by the Current's Side, a cool Retreat!
Soft flow'ry Graſs forms an inviting Seat.

Theſe were the dimpled Streams where Laughter dwells,
But oh! what Dangers lurk within their Cells.
Whoe'er is wiſe againſt each treach'rous Art,
A Foe to Virtue, doubly guards his Heart:
On the deaf Ear the *Syren* tries in vain
The fatal Charms of her fallacious Strain.
Warn'd by ſuch Fears the Fountain they forſake,
And trace its Riv'lets ſwelling to a Lake.
On the cool Turf a gaudy Banquet plac'd
Of ev'ry Sort and Savour, rich Repaſt!
And bathing near the Shore two Nymphs they found,
Who laughing daſh'd the ſparkling Waves around.
Now to ſome diſtant Point in Speed they vy'd;
Stretch'd to their Strokes the Billows they divide:

Now

Now down they plung'd; but as they ſunk or roſe,
Reclin'd or prone, new Beauties they expoſe.
Each Youth, tho' Heav'n itſelf had ſteel'd his Breaſt,
Gazing, his Wonder not unmov'd expreſt,
Whilſt the young Proſtitutes purſu'd their Game,
And practis'd ev'ry Poſture to enflame.
At length, grown bolder, one erect appear'd,
And to her Waiſt her Iv'ry Boſom rear'd.
The reſt (ſo far cou'd Modeſty prevail)
Was hid in Cryſtal Waves; convenient Veil!
As when the Morning Star, emerging bright
From the pure Ocean, darts a clearer Light;
Or as appear'd, ye Loves, your newborn Queen,
The Sea-drops glitt'ring on her ſnowy Skin:
So ſhone the wanton Daughter of the Flood;
So fell the Cryſtal trickling as ſhe ſtood.

With

With ev'ry Art ſhe caught the Hero's Eyes,
Then with affected Geſtures feign'd Surprize.
In trembling Haſte, and counterfeited Dread,
She loos'd the knotted Fillet from her Head.
Strait the collected Treſſes from her Crown
In wavy Lengths drop'd gently flowing down:
A myſtic Veil! that Nature had ſupply'd,
At once to ſhew her Beauties, and to hide.
A thouſand Charms lurk in the golden Shade;
A thouſand more the golden Mant'let made:
She bluſh'd and ſmil'd, the Smile her Bluſhes gives
New Charms, new Grace, which each from each receives.
The pleaſing Conflict ſtir'd the Blood within,
And ſpread a warmer Teint upon her Skin.

At

At length this Strain ſhe warbled with ſuch Art,
As might have thaw'd a frozen Pilgrim's Heart.
Thrice happy Strangers, whom the bounteous Gods
Indulge to viſit theſe our bleſt Abodes;
Come freely ſhare the Pleaſures of our Iſle,
Seat of Delights! Now bid adieu to Toil.
Here Nature's free-born Children uncontroul'd
Act o'er again the happy Age of Gold.
On this our peaceful Coaſt, ſecure from Harms,
Lay by your uſeleſs Load of cumb'rous Arms;
Thoſe Shields, theſe Swords hang high within the Grove,
A Trophy grateful to the God of Love.
Our Field of Battle is the roſy Bed,
In fragrant Bow'rs, on flow'ry Carpets ſpread.
But come, firſt let us lead you to our Queen
O'er the gay Sports preſiding on the Green.

So in her Train enroll'd, a happy Race!
Shall endleſs Pleaſures crown your bliſsful Days,
With us here bathing in theſe limpid Streams,
Lave the Pollution from your wearied Limbs;
Then on the Margin, in a happy Hour,
Enjoy, refreſh'd, the Dainties of the Bow'r.
Thus ſhe: Mean time the Siſter Nymph employs
Her Art, to ſuit lewd Geſtures to her Voice;
So ſkilful Dancers, as the Airs inſpire,
Move ſwift or ſlow reſponſive to the Lyre.
But neither dazling Charms, nor liſping Strains
Cou'd melt th' impaſſive Winter in their Veins;
Beauties like fleeting Shades ſkim harmleſs by,
And thrilling Notes but touch their Ear and die.
For if theſe ſoftly-ſweet engaging Arts
But ſtir'd the Embers ſleeping in their Hearts,

Seeds of Deſire! aſſiſting Reaſon came,
And quaſh'd the Tumult kindling to a Flame.
The baffled Nymphs their fraudful Schemes purſue:
But when the Youths without a Sigh withdrew,
Down from the rocky Shelf they plunging ſprung,
With all the Rage of ſlighted Beauty ſtung.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE inchanted Gardens of Armida *are deſcrib'd, where* Rinaldo *lies diſſolv'd in Luxury and ſoft Delights. He is releas'd, and eſcapes thro' the Magic Bower. She purſues him with all the Arts of Prayers, Promiſes, and Threats. In vain. To theſe Rage ſucceeds; ſhe diſſolves her Palace into Smoke, and mounts a flying Chariot in the utmoſt Fury and Deſpair.*

LIB. XVI.

Of *Torquato Taſſo's* RECOVERY of JERUSALEM.

HIGH on a Plain the ſtately Palace roſe;
Round was its Form: The circling Walks incloſe,
Deep in the Midſt, a Garden rich and fair,
With all that's ſweet adorn'd, and all that's rare.
Maze within Maze in eaſy Windings ran,
The Work of *Dæmons* to perplex the Plan!
The Royal Gate which now our Heroes paſs'd,
(The Walls a hundred radiant Portals grac'd)
With figur'd Valves of high-rais'd Silver, hung
On golden Hinges, well adjuſted ſwung.
But the rich Labours of the wond'rous Mold,
Made vile the Silver and the ſculptur'd Gold.

Grant

Grant them but Speech, and ev'ry Figure lives;
Nor want they Speech the cheated Eye believes.
Alcides ſpinning warbles here a Song
To the ſoft Lute the liſt'ning Maids among.
There *Cupid* ſmiling holds the Hero chain'd,
That vanquiſh'd Hell, and ſinking Heav'n ſuſtain'd.
Proud Iolé her Slave inſulting ſtood,
And ſcornful touch'd his Club beſmear'd with Blood;
O'er her ſoft Skin the Lyon's Hide ſhe caſt:
The titt'ring Train enjoy the ſtrong Contraſt.
The correſpondent Valve expos'd to View
A hoary Ocean with its Billow blue:
Within its Boſom hoſtile Navies ride;
Repeated Light'nings burſt from Side to Side;
Along the Waves the fiery Volumes roll'd,
And the Gleams thicken'd in expreſſive Gold.

Here

Here firm *Octavius* leads the *Roman* Youth ;
There *Anthony* his *Moors* and Kings uncouth.
Mark the huge Bulks ! you'd think the *Cyclades*,
Broad Iſles ! unmoor'd came floating o'er the Seas.
Such were the claſhing Piles when Ship with Ship
Encountring ſunk, or blaz'd along the Deep.
Horror on Horror ! Shoals of Princes ſlain,
Bloated in Death, defile the Azure Main.
With their falſe Queen the treach'rous Eunuchs fly ;
'Tis *Cæſar*'s — *Cæſar* there — and Victory.
Oh ! wretched *Anthony*, is Fame ſo ſoon,
So ſoon the ſwelling Hopes of Empire gone ?
Alas ! to loſe the Queen the Emp'ror fear'd,
And flying to protect her greatly dar'd.
But ſee, he ſtops, — contending Paſſions tear
His tortur'd Breaſt, hot Rage and cold Deſpair.

Now bluſhing tow'rd the Fight he turns his Eyes,
Now tow'rd the Queen. But ſee, ye Gods, ſhe flies!
Swift he purſues her up the crooked *Nile*;
There proſtrate begs the Comfort of a Smile;
O'erpaid if he one rapt'rous Smile might boaſt,
He then ſhou'd count the trifling World well loſt.

All this upon the Silver Gates enchas'd
The virtuous Wand'rers ſaw, and on they paſs'd.
And as *Meander*, fam'd for winding Streams,
When flowing faſteſt, rolling backward ſeems;
Now tow'rd the Spring the mounting Billows riſe,
Now ſhort Returns its deſtin'd Courſe diſguiſe:
Such were the Paths, and ſuch the crooked Ways,
That form'd the pleaſing Errors of the Maze.
But by their faithful Map the Youths, grown bold,
Preſs on, and ſoon the mazy Scheme unfold.

Now had they paſs'd the ſilent Woodland Shade,
When lo! a wide Parterre its Charms diſplay'd.
Here Fountains lay in ſleepy Lakes intranc'd;
From ſprightly Jetts there fluid Cryſtal danc'd:
Groves, Plants, and Flow'rs, in gay Diſorder lay;
Smooth Slopes improve, cool Grotts exclude the Day.
Art cou'd no more, but that herſelf unſeen,
She left them wond'ring at the artleſs Scene.
Such eaſy Care, ſo ſtudy'd the Neglect,
That when they're moſt deceiv'd, they leaſt ſuſpect.
Nature grown wanton, acts a counter Part,
And ſeems to mock her Imitator Art.
Here necromantic Zephyrs fan the Trees,
The Bloſſoms op'ning to the magic Breeze;
Whilſt the ſame Breath that forms the flow'ry Bloom,
Prepares the Fruit, and heightens the Perfume.

There the crude Bud the milky Fig Leaves hide,
And the cleft Fruit with luſcious Juices dy'd:
On the ſame Tendril of the twiſted Vine,
The harſh green Grapes, and Purple Cluſters join.

The feather'd Songſters ſwell their liquid Throats,
Now loud, now clear, now ſoft the dying Notes:
Which as they fall on Groves or Streams among,
The Stream or Grove diverſifies the Song.
When the Birds ceaſe, the fluctuating Falls
Begin, and ſwelling fill the Intervals.
Whether Deſign or Art deſerve the Praiſe,
By Turns they ſink, by Turns their Muſic raiſe.

Among the reſt, with Plumes of various Hue,
And purple Beak, a wond'rous Songſter flew,
Diſtinct of Speech: Upon a neighb'ring Spray
She chaunted many an Air and Roundelay;

With

With the ſweet Sounds the ſweeter Meaſures vye,
And jointly form'd the pleaſing Prodigy.
The ſilent Birds ſtood liſtning thro' the Grove;
The Winds forgot to breathe, the Waves to move.
" Behold! he ſung, the gently budding Roſe
" Her vernal Beauties cautious to diſcloſe;
" In her green Veil involv'd and half conceal'd,
" She's moſt admir'd when leaſt ſhe is beheld.
" But ſcarce her full-blown Honours are diſplay'd,
" E'er her diminiſh'd Charms neglected fade,
" No Virgin now her modeſt Bluſh admires;
" No am'rous Swain her fragrant Breath deſires.
" Such is this Life, this Creature of a Day,
" Whoſe earlieſt Bloſſom borders on Decay:
" Returning *April*, and the genial Show'r
" Shall ne'er recal the momentary Flow'r:

" Quick gather then the Roſe the Day preſents,
" E'er chilling Night thy warmeſt Hope prevents:
" Oh! ſnatch the winged Seaſon as it flies,
" Loving and lov'd, compleat your mutual Joys."
He ceas'd, and ev'ry Bird in Chorus ſtrove
Who moſt the Prattler's Sonnet ſhould approve:
The billing Doves firſt catch the *Paphian* Fire;
The feather'd Nations all in Pairs retire;
E'en the chaſte Laurel gave a cold Conſent,
And ſtubborn Oaks yield to the grand Intent;
The Heav'ns, the Earth, and buxom Seas rejoice,
And Love was Nature's univerſal Voice.
Yet vain the gilded Scene, and vain the Lay;
Onward the Youths purſue their ſteady Way,
Cautious yet firm: Thus Virtue ſteels the Heart,
When the Man dares exert the Hero's Part.

With ſilent Foreſight, e'er their Steps advance,
Thro' quiv'ring Leaves they caſt a prudent Glance:
But ſoon the Queen and am'rous Prince they find,
He at her Knees, ſhe on the *Verge* reclin'd.
Full thro' her Veil her ſnowy Boſom roſe,
And down her Neck a wavy Ringlet flows:
Her roſy Cheeks a Dew beſprinkl'd o'er,
Like ſolid Drops from *India*'s pearly Shore:
Swimming her Eyes ſhot round a temper'd Ray,
As Beams leſs fierce in Cryſtal Fountains play.
His, feed inſatiate as her Charms they view,
And ev'ry Glance indulg'd more eager grew.
His Lips, his Cheeks, low bending as he gaz'd,
She kiſs'd, and ſoon the fainting Tranſport rais'd;
Till on her panting Breaſt he breath'd a Sigh,
As if his parting Soul to hers wou'd fly.

Such

Such were the Follies in the Grove conceal'd,
Which in the am'rous Pair the Youths beheld.
A Cryſtal Mirror gliſt'ning by his Side
Hung looſely down, with flow'ry Garlands ty'd.
He roſe, and to her raviſh'd Eyes preſents
This moſt belov'd of *Cupid*'s Ornaments.
She ſmil'd; the double Smiles the Youth enflame;
The Nymph and Glaſs; another, and the ſame.
A thouſand Charms her rolling Eyes run o'er,
And in thoſe Eyes he ſaw a thouſand more.
Thus both divide in happy Shares the Sway:
She proud to rule, he prouder to obey.
Oh! turn that Look, ſhe cry'd, deluded Boy,
From the faint 'Semblance in the glitt'ring Toy:
Rinaldo's Image, to the Life expreſt,
Is only here, within this faithful Breaſt.

Here if no other Beauties you deſcry,
Let your own Charms employ your wond'ring Eye.
Yes, let thoſe happy Eyes themſelves engage,
Rivet them here, and let them feaſt an Age.
Such Charms, ſuch crowded Graces muſt ſurpaſs
The narrow Confines of the ſparkling Glaſs:
For a fit Mirror ſtretch the Azure Skies,
Where twinkling Stars ſhall ſhew thy beamy Eyes.
She ſaid, and ſmil'd again; and ſtill purſu'd,
By various Arts, the Glory to delude.
By her white Hand her gather'd Treſſes thrown
In eaſy flowing Folds hung graceful down:
In ſtricter Curls ſhe braided Flowrets roll'd,
Like gay Enamel rais'd on ſhining Gold:
Then round her Breaſts a flow'ry Wreath ſhe fix'd,
Which with its native Lillies Roſes mix'd.

Not the proud Peacock, of his Plumage vain
With radiant Eyes, unfolds ſo rich a Train:
Leſs lively Hues thro' gilded Rainbows run,
When the broad dewy Arch repels the Sun.
But as her Zone its Sov'reign Beams diſplay'd,
The reſt reviv'd or ſunk, grew bright or dead.
Eſſential Forms, that wait on Love, ſhe mix'd
By pow'rful Spells, and in a Girdle fix'd.
Joys, ſoft Repulſes, Frowns and Kiſſes ſweet,
With dimpl'd Smiles and breathleſs Tranſports meet:
Here Pity liſt'ning drops a ſilent Tear;
There Anger reddens, and here ſighs Deſpair.
All theſe in Flames of temper'd Drugs ſhe held
By Magic Song and whiſper'd Charms anneal'd:
Then in a pliant Zone the Figures caſt,
And fix'd the living Cincture to her Waiſt.

Now with a Kiſs the Pleaſures of the Day
They end ; ſhe tow'rd the Palace urg'd her Way ;
For ev'ry Day, her Houſhold Cares renew'd,
Some Taſk ſhe plan'd, ſome magic Carte review'd.
Her Paramour ſecure ſhe leaves behind,
Within his Bounds by cogent Spells confin'd.
Raviſh'd he hears the Birds and echoing Grove,
Attended by that faithful Hermit, Love :
And when the Evening's dewy Shades invite
To all the ſofter Pleaſures of the Night,
Beneath a rich Pavilion's Height they lay
Intranc'd, and lov'd the fleeting Hours away.
Whilſt now the Queen domeſtic Cares employ,
Unmindful of the Bow'r and abſent Boy,
In radiant Steel forth ruſhing from the Wood,
With manly Strides, the Youths before him ſtood.

As when a warlike Steed, from all his Toil
Retir'd, indulg'd among the Herds to ſoil,
On the dun Heath, the Lawn, or ſwampy Grove,
Riots in all the Luxury of Love;
But ſhould the Trumpet's Voice his Ear ſurprize,
Or beamy Target flaſh upon his Eyes,
He bounds, he neighs, forgets each ſoft Delight,
And ruſhes madding to the promis'd Fight:
Thus ſprung *Rinaldo*, thus his Boſom glow'd,
When claſp'd in glitt'ring Arms the Heroes trode;
Swift to his ſlacken'd Nerves their Strength returns,
And his firm Heart with uſual Virtue burns.
Ubaldo to his Sight oppos'd the Shield,
And ſhook the ſcatter'd Lightning o'er the Field:
The Diamond Orb attracts his rolling Eyes,
Where his own Form in the bright Diſk he ſpies.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd, his flowing painted Robe he view'd,
And dropping Locks, with coſtly Balms bedew'd.
A gawdy Sword, with twiſted Roſes tied,
In gay Feſtoons hung uſeleſs by his Side.
As from a Dream when one awak'd again,
Scorns all the idle Fiction of the Brain:
Thus when himſelf with choiceſt Folly dreſt
He ſaw, his Eyes averſe the Sight deteſt.
Confus'd a while he turns them wildly round,
Then ſighing fix'd them thoughtful on the Ground;
Wiſhing the whelming Flood, the crackling Flame,
Or central Earth wou'd bury all his Shame.

Ubaldo ſeiz'd th' Occaſion, and begun:
All *Europe* now, *Bertoldo*'s noble Son,
With all where *Aſia*'s peopl'd Bounds extend,
Thoſe who for Glory's virtuous Crown contend,

And Champions who the Name of Chriſt adore,
In Iron Harneſs preſs the *Syrian* Shore.
Whilſt you to Fame, and ev'ry Virtue loſt,
Inglorious loiter on an unknown Coaſt;
A Chamber-Knight, in ſilken Bands confin'd,
Shrink from the Dangers that involve Mankind.
But ſay what Lethargy? What dull Diſeaſe
Locks up thy vig'rous Soul in baneful Eaſe?
Riſe, riſe, great *Godfrey* calls; — the Fight
Demands, and Heav'n and Victory invite.
Say, wilt thou thus the well-plan'd War neglect?
Oh, pour thy Vengeance on the impious Sect!
Thy Fury on the Sluggard Foe repeat,
And let one mighty Act our Hopes compleat.

He ceas'd, the Hero heard; and for a Space
Speechleſs he paus'd, confus'd, till Shame gave Place

To

To gen'rous Anger; ſuch as Reaſon moves
In the firm Boſom that her Laws approves.
Shame was the Spark from whence the Paſſion came,
Which work'd the noble Ferment to a Flame.
His Robe he tore; and to the Winds he gave
The gawdy Pomp and Trappings of a Slave;
Then thro' the hated Bow'r in breathleſs Haſte
They ſtretch'd, and ſoon the Labyrinth repaſt.
Alarm'd *Armida* at the Portal ſtood
Aghaſt, to ſee the Keeper bath'd in Blood.
Doubting a while ſhe gaz'd, but oh! too ſoon,
Too well convinc'd, ſhe found her Lover gone:
With her own Eyes, ſhe ſaw, diſtracting Sight!
The Youths eſcap'd precipitate in Flight.
And wilt thou leave me wretched and alone,
She ſtrove to cry; but with a hollow Groan

Her Voice recoil'd: The Sound ſuppreſt
With double Force remurmur'd in her Breaſt.
Conſcious ſhe found her bafflʼd Arts, excellʼd,
Muſt now to counter Charms of Wiſdom yield:
And yet ſhe ſcornʼd, thoʼ by ſome Foe ſurpaſsʼd,
To own his Powʼr, unconquerʼd to the laſt.
All that obſcene *Theſſalian* Hags, with Lips
Unhallowʼd, mutter in the Moonʼs Eclipſe,
Charms that couʼd Heavʼnʼs revolving Spheres arreſt,
Or drag the ſhrieking Ghoſts from Shades unbleſt;
Theſe well ſhe knew, but ſhe neglects them all,
Thoʼ Hell at leaſt ſtood liſtʼning to her Call.
She drops the Bead-roll of her Arts to prove,
If ſuppliant Beauty yet couʼd furer move.
Breathleſs ſhe ran: Where now was Honour flown?
Where all her boaſted Conqueſts, Triumphs gone?

She that cou'd fix, or with a Nod remove,
Make or unmake the ſacred Laws of Love;
Whoſe Pride to ſuch a wanton Pitch cou'd ſoar,
She ſcorn'd the Lover, but enjoy'd the Pow'r;
And when ſhe deign'd a winning Smile to caſt,
The Favour center'd in herſelf at laſt.
But now, oh! ſad Reverſe, repuls'd ſhe ſues,
Implores who hates her, and who flies purſues:
And as ſhe runs, her bleeding Footſteps ſcorn
The ragged Ice, and ever pointed Thorn.
Nor cou'd her Cries, which long diſpatch'd before
She ſent, o'ertake him e'er he reach'd the Shore.
Thou that canſt rend, ſhe cry'd, my faithful Heart,
And flying rob me of the dearer Part;
Oh! leave not thus the widow'd Share behind,
Take both, or let them both in Death be join'd.

Hear me one Word, one parting Word; a Kiſs
I durſt not name; reſerve ſo great a Bliſs
For one more worthy. Say, but wherefore fly?
Who flies, leſs bold, may venture to deny.
Ubaldo, courteous, ſtop'd his Friend and ſaid;
Cuſtom, my Lord, and civil Manners plead
For weeping Beauty. Still the ſuppliant Fair
Claims from the gentle Knight a liſt'ning Ear.
The Hero in himſelf collected ſtrong,
May truſt the beauteous *Syren* and her Song:
With ſofteſt Words th' unhappy Queen appeaſe,
Then for our Flight th' inviting Moment ſeize.
Rinaldo ſtop'd; the Queen approach'd. Quick Sighs
Burſt from her heaving Breaſt. Wiſtful her Eyes
On his ſhe fix'd; then ſigh'd; but nothing ſpoke:
Pride, Rage, and Shame the crowded Accents choke.

He

He dares not meet her Look: his Eye-balls roll
Abaſh'd; at length a haſty Glance he ſtole.
When, as a Songſter, e'er the Tune's begun,
Loves warbling thro' the well known Scale to run
With Sounds unform'd; a Prelude to prepare
The liſt'ning Judges for the promis'd Air:
So fraudful ſhe, deep vers'd in ev'ry Art,
To melt down Virtue, and enſlave the Heart,
Seiz'd on the furtive Glance, then with a Groan
Her firſt Impreſſion made, and thus went on.

We meet not now, like Lovers on a Plain,
Big with ſome Tale of Pity or Diſdain.
Such once we were; but all muſt yield to Fate,
And Love muſt in its Turn ſubmit to Hate.
But yet who hates, may learn a Foe's Diſtreſs,
Patient to hear, reſolv'd not to redreſs.

Relentleſs Anger may my Suit receive,
And know the Weakneſs that it can't forgive.
Forgive? Oh! no, indulge the pleaſing Spite;
For Hatred yields a thoughtful ſour Delight.
Such as, a Pagan born, I proudly boaſt
To bear inſatiate to your Chriſtian Hoſt,
But chiefly to thyſelf. Yes, ev'ry Art
I practis'd; I ſucceeded on thy Heart.
I ſaw thee; lov'd; purſu'd with ev'ry Wile;
Surpriz'd, and led thee captive to this Iſle:
And which, I hope, will more thy Rage inflame,
Know that to fouleſt Spells thou ow'ſt thy Shame.
With temper'd Drugs I mix'd the magic Bowl,
Of Pow'r to caſt Oblivion o'er the Soul;
Then, to a thouſand Youths deny'd, theſe Charms
Unaſk'd were offer'd to a Stranger's Arms.

Theſe were my Crimes. And think not that I ſpoke
Thy Fury to appeaſe, but to provoke,
Provoke thee to abhor and ſhun the Place,
The conſcious Bow'r and Scenes of thy Diſgrace.
Straight thro' the furrow'd Waves thy Courſe direct,
To wreck thy Fury on our holy Sect.
But ah! what Faith, what holy Sect is mine,
Who only kneel a Suppliant at thy Shrine?
Yet wherefore kneel I? 'Tis a Vaſſal's Right,
Thy Slave demands ſhe may attend thy Flight.
When did the laurel'd Chief his Spoils forego?
When turn his Back upon the vanquiſh'd Foe?
The hoſtile Treaſure and the captive Chain
Add to the Triumphs Joy, and ſwell the Train.
Let me along the ſhouting Camp be ſhewn:
Mark! the Deceiver baffled and undone.

Am I rejected, ſtill deſpis'd, forlorn?
Then from this Head the princely Treſſes ſhorn,
No longer ſhall bely my wretched Fate,
But a Slave's Garb ſhall mark my ſervile State.
Let the War thunder with its loudeſt Storms,
Death I dare meet in all his ghaſtly Forms:
Train'd up in liſted Fields, I ſcorn to fear
The charging Courſer or the level'd Spear.
I long to bear thy Shield againſt the Foe;
Myſelf thy Shield, I'll ward or catch the Blow;
On me th' uplifted Sword, to ſave thee free,
Shall vent its Rage, and harmleſs fall on thee.
Whilſt thus, your Slave, my Boſom I preſent,
Perhaps the fierce Barbarian may relent;
On theſe, now ſlighted Charms, ſome Pity take,
And ſave *Rinaldo* for *Armida*'s Sake.

Why do I yet of Beauty boaſt in vain,
Which can't this leaſt, this wretched Boon obtain?
She could no more; the reſt her Tears deny'd,
Like Rills faſt trickling down ſome Quarry's Side.
His Hand ſhe ſtrove to reach, and then his Cloke;
But backward from the proffer'd Graſp he broke.
Invincible Reſolves had arm'd his Mind;
Grief cou'd no Vent, and Love no Entrance find.
Fierce the Attack, and tipt with Fire the Dart
In vain; for Reaſon had congeal'd his Heart.
But Pity's gentler Warmth can oft prevail,
When all her furious Brother's Engines fail:
The ſoft Inſinuation melts his Breaſt;
He ſcarce the ſwelling Flood of Tears ſuppreſt,
Till Maſter of himſelf by Virtue's Aid,
His Voice and Geſtures he compos'd, and ſaid:

If Heav'n had bleſs'd me with the pleaſing Pow'r
To eaſe your Grief, you ſhou'd not thus implore,
Armida ſhou'd not thus implore in vain;
Rinaldo's Soul does cold Revenge diſdain.
Malice and Hate let dark Oblivion blot,
Be ev'ry Wrong forgiven and forgot.
Your's were the Faults of Nature; 'tis her Cauſe,
And Youth and Beauty will aſſert her Laws.
I cenſure not, by conſcious Frailty taught,
Where I myſelf have err'd, another's Fault:
Still to this Boſom dear, where-e'er thou art,
When Grief contracts, or Joy dilates my Heart,
Still am I thine; thy Champion ſtill, as far
As holy Faith permits and ſtubborn War.
And ſince their idle Circuit they have run,
Here let our Follies end where they begun.

Oh! keep our Secret from the Ear of Fame,
And let the Bow'r that ſaw, conceal our Shame.
Of all my Actions be theſe laſt ſuppreſt,
And let Fame's loudeſt Trumpet tell the reſt.
Yet oh! forbear in Fury to diſgrace
Your Youth, your Beauty, and your Royal Race.
Farewel —— our Flight with me you muſt not ſhare.
See! the Guide frowns; th' ungrateful Suit forbear.
Return or ſtay, as Prudence ſhall adviſe;
Their Actions ever juſtify the Wiſe.

Whilſt coldly thus the Youth his Mind explains,
Reſtleſs her Rage, no longer ſhe contains;
Scowling with bitt'reſt Gall ſhe whets her Tongue,
And in his tingling Ears theſe Accents rung.

And dar'ſt thou, Miſcreant, boaſt thy ſavage Blood
In the pure Veins of fair *Sophia* flow'd,

Of nobleſt Race? Thou Foundling-monſter, bred
In mad Sea Foam, and by a Tygreſs fed
From craggy *Caucaſus*. What not one Tear?
Wou'd not one well diſſembl'd Drop appear?
And cou'd not all my Suff'rings ſtrain a Sigh
From thy hard Heart, or wet thy flinty Eye?
Where? how ſhall I begin? and when have done?
Did he not bid me call him mine, yet run
From my Embrace? and beg'd me not to grieve
For he, the baſe Aggreſſor, wou'd forgive?
Then when he talk'd of Love, how juſt, how cool
Were the chaſt Maxims from old *Plato*'s School!
Ye Gods, ſhall Hypocrites for ever dare,
Unpuniſh'd, to inſult Heav'n's patient Ear?
But go; and go in Peace; ſuch Peace, ſuch Reſt,
As muſt for ever dwell within this Breaſt.

Yet think not that ſome unfrequented Coaſt
Shall hide thee trembling from my angry Ghoſt:
Turn'd to a Fury, ever nigh at Hand,
I'll writhe my Snakes, and toſs my lighted Brand;
My furious Love, chang'd to its black Extream,
Shall haunt thy Noontide Walk, and Midnight Dream:
And if, to curſe thee more, thy Fate ſhall ſave
Thee, from the lurking Rock, and daſhing Wave,
Reſerv'd to fall in Fight; then on the Plain,
Wounded and cruſh'd by Mountains of the Slain,
Groaning in Death, *Armida* ſhalt thou call,
Who ſmiling hears thee, and enjoys thy Fall.
She ſaid, and ſwooning faintly drew her Breath,
Her Voice was loſt, and her Eyes ſwim in Death.
Unhappy Eyes! Heav'n envy'd you a Sight
So full of Joy. What Tranſports of Delight

Had ſooth'd her Breaſt to ſee him weeping near,
Feel all her Woe, and ſhed a pitying Tear?
Fate grudg'd the Bliſs; unſeen his Leave he took,
His Boſom ſmote, and caſt a ling'ring Look.
What ſhou'd he do? To leave the Fair diſtreſs'd,
Honour and all the Laws of Love deteſt:
Pity abhors to move; and yet to ſtay
Prudence forbids, and Fate calls loud away.
In the rich Treſſes of the Pilot's Head
Freſh from the Land the ſtiff'ning Zephyrs play'd;
Crank o'er the Waves the bounding Pinnace rides,
And from their ſteady View the Shore ſubſides.

Soon as returning Senſe unveil'd her Eyes,
Wildly ſhe ſtares around, and trembling cries;
And is the Wretch, in my extremeſt Need
Of doubtful Life, is he unpitying fled?

Cou'd

Cou'd he not wait for my returning Breath,
But leave me ſtruggling in the Arms of Death?
And do I love him ſtill? Still weeping ſtand
A puleing Girl upon a lonely Strand?
No, Sighs begone; I ſcorn this tender Dew, —
Yes, to his Fate the Traitor I'll purſue:
Not Hell ſhall ſcreen him in her dark Abodes,
Nor all yon glitt'ring Manſions of the Gods.
I'll drag him thence; I'll cleave his Marble Heart,
His Rival now in ev'ry cruel Art.
And yet alas! how vain are threatning Words,
How ill my Conduct with my Rage accords?
Wretched *Armida!* vain is ev'ry Scheme,
And all this boaſted Vengeance is a Dream.
Thou ſhou'dſt, when chain'd a Captive in thy Pow'r,
Have ſeiz'd, due to Revenge, th' inviting Hour.

The dying Serpent's Hiſs and Sting too late
Expoſe his Rage, and Impotence of Hate.
Ye injur'd Charms, to you Revenge belongs,
And Beauty ſhall itſelf redreſs her Wrongs.
Know then, that if ſome Knight renown'd in Arms,
Whom Hopes of Empire move, or Beauty charms,
Brings bleeding from the War the Traytor's Head,
Know that the Queen is deſtin'd to his Bed;
And proud *Damaſcus*, as his high Reward,
Shall kneeling own him for her ſov'reign Lord.
If Love and Empire ceaſe to move the Brave,
Take back, ye Gods, the Bleſſings that ye gave.
Bleſſings! Oh no; I ſcorn, deteſt them both;
My Beauty I deſpiſe, my Kingdom loath;
I hate my ſelf, and Scepter that I give:
For thee, Revenge alone, I'll bear to live.

Here foaming Phrenzy choak'd her fault'ring Speech;
With haſty Strides ſhe meaſures back the Beach;
Her Cheeks, her Eyes, her Hair, and haggard Mien
Expreſs the Conflict of the Soul within.
Homeward ſhe ran, and call'd with hideous Cries
From Hell three hundred ſooty Deities.
Black gath'ring Clouds deform the Face of Day,
And Heav'n's great Planet ſick'ning faints away.
From neighb'ring Hills the riſing Whirlwinds ſound,
And Groans from Hell heav'd up the lab'ring Ground:
The Palace rock'd; wild, reſtleſs Spectres glare,
Some grov'ling hiſs, ſome bark, ſome ſcream in Air.
When lo! a murky Shade, devoid of Light,
Caſts o'er the Dome a melancholly Night;
Faint ſulph'rous Gleams, that frequent flaſh within,
Diſplay the Horrors of the deep'ning Scene.

When

When now the Sun, a bald and beamleſs Fire
Glow'd redd'ning, and the parting Clouds retire,
Down ſunk at once, no Stone to mark its Scite,
The ſpacious Palace plunging deep in Night.
As when in Cloud-form'd Caſtles of the Skies,
Piles heap'd on Piles, a baſeleſs Fabric riſe;
But by the Sun diſſolv'd, or ſcatt'ring Wind,
The fleeting Shades leave not a Rack behind:
So, like a Sick Man's Dream, the vaniſh'd Dome
Left barren Rocks and Deſarts in its Room.

Boldly th' Inchantreſs mounts her ready Car,
And more than mortal cleaves the yielding Air.
Unſeen the Region of the Clouds ſhe paſs'd,
Where the raw Climate brews the ſtormy Blaſt,
And moulds the Hail beneath the wint'ry Zone,
O'er barb'rous Tracts, and Nations yet unknown.

Swift

Swift thro' the Streights, *Herculean* Toil, ſhe rides
Where *Spain* the Sea from *Afric*'s Coaſt divides:
Steady ſhe glides, till to the *Syrian* Strand
She ſhap'd her Courſe, and hail'd her native Land.
But from *Damaſcus*, whoſe imperial Height
Aſpires to Heav'n, averſe ſhe turns her Sight,
And to a lonely Caſtle flew, that ſtood
In black *Aſphaltus*' Lake, infernal Flood!
Deep in a Cave no Female ſhe admits
Of all her Train; alone ſhe penſive ſits
All Night; but Rage her thoughtful Silence broke,
And the dank Vault re-echo'd as ſhe ſpoke.

Here will I reſt, till *Egypt*'s Sultan draws
His Eaſtern Armies to ſupport our Cauſe;
Then ruſhing to the Field will act my Part,
In ev'ry Shape of Force, of Fraud, and Art.

Expe-

Experienc'd Chiefs from me ſhall learn to throw
Th' unerring Dart, or twang the fatal Bow:
And whilſt by dire Revenge I purchaſe Fame,
Honour, farewel — thou ſounding empty Name.
And you, ſtern Guardian of my earlier Years,
When ſome amazing Act ſhall reach your Ears,
Blame not your Niece; by her Inſtructor's Fault
In the foul Arts of helliſh Cunning taught;
And train'd to horrid Deeds that ill became
Our ſofter Sex, — my Ruin and my Shame.
Let others ſlow in cold Indifference move;
The Brave exceed in Anger and in Love.
She ſaid, and ſummon'd up in gay Attire
Fair Dames, and Pages, Knights, and many a 'Squire.
A glitt'ring Train! in gaudy Harneſs dreſt,
Which well her Skill and regal Pride expreſt.

With

With theſe the furious Queen her Way purſues,
Untir'd, thro' ſcorching Rays, and Midnight Dews:
Nor ſtop'd they till ſhe join'd the num'rous Bands
Of *Eaſtern* Kings, on *Gaza*'s crowded Sands.

ΕΠΙΘΑΛΑΜΙΟΝ.

CADMEAS alii pugnas, durique labores
Herculis immanes, Agamemnoniaſque phalanges
Et Troiam, Martemque canant, lauroſque cruentas:
At mihi felices Animarum promere amores
Mens calet, & gemino conſtrictum pectore nodum:
Solus Amor noſtrae inſpiret modo carmina menti,
Noſtraque ſinceros moduletur Pieris ignes.
Incluta, quam Fortuna iuvat, FARMORIA VIRGO,
Muſarum parvos, ne deſpice, quos tibi fetus
Offerimùs, SPONSOQUE humiles addicimus almo.
Eſt ventura dies olim, qua Muſa fluenteis
Ingenio venas tribuet numeroſque canores,

Queis liceat graviore tuas expromere verſu
Laudes, & diris ſubducere nomina fatis,
Nomina, quae aeterni ſpernent oblivia leti.
Interea felix noſtris nunc adnue coeptis,
Vt nos, qui tantum tenues ceciniſſe labores
Exiguo adſueti calamo, ſublimia tamdem
Paullatim egregiis aptemus carmina geſtis:
Non ſecus atque puer, qui primum innare per undas
Non audet ſolus, levibus poſt tergora nixus
Corticibus, nando trepidantes inſtruit artus;
Adſiduus donec piſces imitarier uſus
Edocet, ut pulſis tumidum ſe immittat in aequor
Fulcris, & rapidis inſultet fluctibus audax.

VIX Aurorà polo niveis invecta quadrigis
Surgebat, tenuique micabant gramina rore,
Nativumque arbor, pulsa jam nocte, colorem
Luminibus passim solaribus excipiebat ;
Quum celebris vasto quà funditur ANGLIA ponto,
ANGLIA, quae doctos fecundo alit ubere Alumnos,
Talia maerenti iactabat voce Cupido,
(At non lasciva prognatus Matre Cupido,
Adsuetusque animos inhonestis figere telis ;
Verum castus Amor, sinceraque & incluta proles,
Cui fidas Heroum animas, ac pectora fas est
Coniugii vinclis adstringere non solvendis,)
Quod non subiiceret validis generosa Virorum
Pectora missilibus, minimeque referret opimas,
Vt quondam, exsuvias, quarum viget immortalis
Gloria, & innumero celebratur carmine Vatum.

O uti-

Ô utinam, quae fama diu praenunciat orbi,
Vera forent, atque illa albo ſignanda lapillo,
Propitio tamdem lux ſidere colluceret,
Exoptata diu referens mortalibus aegris
Gaudia ! Nunc ſpoliis Mars undique circumſeptus
Heu furit : extremae gentes & barbarus hoſtis
Convertere rigens in mutua vulnera ferrum ;
Quoſque peregrini dominos concordia mundi
Fecit, in ambiguam regno de paupere litem
Compulit infauſtae genetrix Diſcordia pugnae :
Hic urbes animi fervor ſubcendit Achaeas,
Attica cum diro cecidit Lacedaemone tellus,
Quumque in Spartanos iret Theſea propago,
Et deturbatis titubaret Graecia rebus :
Quin etiam ſimilem video inpendere ruinam
Italiae ; magis atque magis nam proelia creſcunt,

Qua

Qua ſonat anguſtus Scyllae ſinus atque Charybdis,
Quaque Syracoſio protenditur Inſula ponto,
Inſula Cyclopum, Libyae porrecta ſub axem.
Me miſerum! Inficiunt campos, & cuncta veneno
Flumina: ceu Libyca interdum maculoſus arena,
Poſt hiemem coluber longo male gramine paſta
Excutiens membra, ac ſenio & ſqualentibus annis
Exſutus, calido convolvit lubrica Soli
Terga, tribuſque micans linguis atque ore, per agros
Letiferum fundit, perque avia rura venenum,
Quorum ego maternis infligere corda ſagittis
Heu potero! quique ipſe meum ſuper ardua regnum
Sidera, caeleſteſque domos, immenſaque mundi
Pondera protendo, ignota nunc turpis arena
Cogor, & exſternis contemtus degere in oris!
Haec memorans, toto proiectus corpore ſe ſe

Volvit

Volvit humi, & miſerum ſcopulo caput inclinavit.
Quid faciat, quo vertat iter, quid denique captet
Conſilii, neſcit : veluti ſi forte viarum
Quis rudis interdum deſerta in compita venit,
Tunc incertus iter defixſa examinat haſta :
Aut qualis proles Hyrcani parva leonis
Haeret, ubi hoſtili confixſum vulnere patrem
Conſpicit, an rigidos venantis ſanguine vultus
Imbuat, an celeri praeſtet confidere curſu :
Hinc timor, hinc illam pietas agit, & ſibi tamdem
Dum nocet, haud potis eſt vitam ſervare parenti :
Sic Pueri ſubcenſa tument praecordia, & oeſtro
Mens agitata gravi, curarum fluctuat aeſtu.
Languebat myrtus, languebat bacca, roſaeque,
Queis nitidum caput alma Venus praecinxerat olim,
Exſtinctaeque faces, ac tela iugalia paſſim

Ante

Ante pedes effuſa Dei ſine honore iacebant.

At circumſpiciens Vrbem, quam Thameſis unda
Abluit, & cultos late diſterminat agros,
Quaeque ſub imperio Regis terraque marique
Inſignis, magniſque opibus, partiſque tropaeis
Dirigitur, poſitis componit pectora curis;
Namque videt celeres volitare per aëra Amores,
Et gemini innocuas cordis praedicere flammas,
Quorum alii incendunt taedas, aliique corollas
Floribus intexunt variis, & praepete curſu
Nunc huc, nunc illuc, quo fert ſua quemque voluptas
Circumeunt, variaſque exſuto corpore formas
Adcipiunt: quales adverſo Sole columbae
Dum ſe conſpiciunt, varios, varioſque colores
Inradiante trahunt penna, ſeſeque venuſtas
Humanis praebent oculis, falluntque videntes.

Aſt alios inter, geminos ex ordine primo
Praepetibus librare nitentia corpora pennis
Nobilium Genios animarum cernit ovantes,
Certanteſque ſimul parto poſt longa triumpho
Tempora ; deinde faces inter ſe aequare coruſcas,
Quae ſubito ex animis illuſtribus emicuere.
Virginis in caſto poſui cunabula corde,
Aiebat primus, quum vix in luminis auras
Prodiit aetherias : regali ſanguine venas
Implevi, ſeries ex quo numeroſa nepotum
Creſcet, materies venturis ampla Poëtis.
Primos quin etiam vagitus ipſe recepi,
Atque interruptas potui diſtinguere voces,
Quae poſt magna quidem ſunt, ac praeclara loquutae.
Mobilis haud olli primis quum creſceret annis,
Mens fuit, aut ſubito inſtabiles ſub pectore motus ;

Aſt

Aſt animum illius praeſtans atque ora, decoro
Pondere firmabat gravitas: non maeſta, nec atrum
Torva ſupercilium, tumidis non aſpera dictis,
Sed clara, & miti facies condita lepore.
Dein validas poſuit Virtus non ficta ſub imo
Pectore radices, procul omni ſorde fugata;
Vnde inconcuſſum firmato robore pectus
Fortunae quaſcumque minas, quoſcumque labores,
Aerumnaſque pati ſolet, atque obſiſtere fato:
Non ſecus rapidis pelagi quae tunditur undis,
Dura ſilex, inmota manet: non inrequieta
Aequora, non ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Horret; quoque magis premitur, fit laevior aeſtu.
Non humana quidem ſpecies, ſed caelicus olli
Vultus ineſt, quamvis ipſum concedere par eſt
Muneribus, queis ſe decoratam iure fatetur,

Et gaudet. Quid enim manuum ingenioſa ſuarum
Nunc opera, aut quam diverſo ſermone latentes
Declaret ſenſus, repetam? quî ad plectra choreas
In numerum ducat, ſeſeque per aëra verſet,
Subpoſitaſque celer vix dum pede lambat arenas?
Vtque etiam altiſono ſuras evincta cothurno
Adfectus hominum varios imitetur & actus?
Talia ſed ludens didicit, maiora profecto
Per memet iactare poteſt; namque omnia ludis
Ipſa meis, orbiſque mariſque incognita vaſti
Nomina, diverſoſque ſitus, geniumque, viceſque
Aſtrorum Soliſque vias, Lunaeque labores,
Et varios caſus populorum, fataque regum
Plurima divino percepit acumine mentis.
Quin & Graiorum quicquid mendacia narrant
Tempora, diſtincte oſtendi, Romaeque triumphos,

Et

Et quantum Latii fuderunt arma cruoris
Punica, quot bellis rubuit navalibus aequor :
Quique duces Troiam bello obſedere decenni,
Queis & Memnonius populos, Parthoſque catervis
Dux Macedo ſubiecit, Achaemeniaſque phalanges ;
Monſtra quot Alcides domuit, quibus aethera pennis
Tranavit gelidaſque advenit Daedalus Arctos :
Hippolyti caſtos, & Bellerophontis amores,
Inluſtreſque Helenae raptus, & Phyllidis ignes,
Pomaque Cydippes, & iniquis Orithyam
Sublatam ventis, Clymenenque, piumque fidelis
Pectus Hypermneſtrae, Cinyramque Hellenque paventem.
Quicquid in his minime juſtum, tumidumque, procaxque
Arguit, & quicquid rectum, atque imitabile ſentit,
Sponte ſua ſequitur, perque omnia nocte, dieque
Excurrit vigilans : quales aeſtate ſerena

Per campos celeri, per florida prata volatu
Exercentur apes, croceoſque e flore liquores,
Caeleſtemque legunt rorem, & ſiccata relinquunt
Gramina. Queis tantum reliquas ſupereminet omnes
Muneribus, quantum lapides carbunculus inter,
Et rutilas minimo gemmas candore renidet,
Dives arenoſo qua tinguitur India Gange:
Qualia ſive humiles inter pineta myricas
Extollunt ſublime caput, ramoſque comantes
Pelion Aemonios ubi longe deſpicit agros.
Quot vero mores populorum viſit, & urbes,
Me duce? vera mihi FLORENTIA teſtis adeſto,
Ipſam cui propriis in ſedibus adſpexiſſe
Contigit, in laribuſque tuis audiſſe loquentem:
Clara ubi virtutum permanſit fama ſuarum,
Sinceroque omnes teſtantur pectore, quondam

Queis licuit dotes animi ſpectare ſuperbas.
Hanc igitur ſolam paſſus non degere vitam
Iamdudum ipſe Viro ſtatui coniungere, geſtis,
Et celebri virtute Viro ; tum commoda nactus
Tempora, promeritum magni cum Principis ortu
Redderet officium, claro de ſanguine natis
Miſtus uterque viris, ambos ſimul occurrentes
Dulcibus infixi telis, flammiſque peruſſi ;
Cum ſubito dulci VIRGO famulatur Amori,
Fitque, volente Deo, ſenſim formoſior, atque
Concita amore canit, loquiturque & gaudet amore,
Adſidueque oculos in vultum figit Amantis :
Tigris ita Armeniis peragrans in montibus, ira
Commota, & leto cupiens abducere fetus
Conſiſtit, vitro pectus ſubcenſa micanti,
Quod ſollers medio venator tramite liquit ;

Fixis

Fixis illa oculis nitidum ſpectans, cryſtallum
Non alio mentem, inſolito correpta nitore
Avertit : celer interea venator amatos
Eripit heu catulos, nec tigridis ultio terret.
Quare ego, me comitum denſa ſtipante caterva,
Ad Venerem tendam, & felix praenuncius olli
Egregios referam caſus, partumque triumphum.
Haec ait: at Genius praeclari Conivgis alter
Illius attentis verba auribus exaudivit,
Et tremulo alarum motu ſuper aëra ſiſtens,
Hunc contra aequali ſic eſt ſermone loquutus.
———— Quum iam ſatis artibus olim
Pieridum, Phoebique indultum, ad grandia mentem
Ipſa tuam ſtudia, ac regnorum iura vocavi?
Et merito: quis enim fuerat te doctior uno
Humanum curare genus: quis dignior alter

Tam

Tam vaſtas aequis moderari legibus urbes?
Non ego ficta loquor, nobis HIBERNIA teſtis,
Quae meruit Populos, te Praeſide, habere beatos
Dum vigilans recti ſtudium eſt experta, fidemque;
Namque illam propria te ſub ditione regentem
Non tua tangebant, ſed tantum publica vota.
Siquid in imperio cenſeres forte tenendum,
Commoda curabas populi, primuſque ſubibas
Iuſſa volens; *plebs unde obſervantiſſima iuris*
Evadit, nec ferre invito corde recuſat,
Quum parere ſibi ductorem ſentiat ipſum:
Et certe totum componi cernimus orbem
Regis ad exemplum, non ſic inflectere ſenſus
Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.
Dumque tuis regni manibus molitus habenas,
Nullae nobilium caedes iniuſtaque vulgo

Crimina ; non maeſtus regionem linquere avitam
Cogitur inmerito civis ; vectigal avarus
Mite Redemptor habet, nec ad haſtam ſector iniquus
Civiles populatur opes, agroſque licetur ;
Non avidus digito, non voce arceſſitur emtor :
Nec tua privatis cumularia aeraria damnis
Mos erat : una fides regnabat pectore, nullo
Emta fides pretio, non te foedantia ſenſus
Munera legitimo poterant ſeducere iure.
Non grave ſignorum pondus, non lina magiſtrâ
Picta manu, non eximiis inſculpta figuris
Vaſa, corinthiaco fulgentia vaſa Metallo,
(Quae veteres etiam fama eſt adamaſſe Quirites)
Non tyriae veſtes, non vultus forma decori
Teque, animumque tuum ſumma integritate reduxit :
Nequicquam triſtis iaciebat ad aſtra querellas

Perfi-

Perfidia, & laceros foede diſperſa capillos
Horrebat diro furiarum vincla veneno;
Sola quidem gladios poterat Clementia triſtes
Frangere: tum caſto viſa eſt adſurgere vultu
Pallas, propitioque Fides deſcendere caelo,
Et placidos inter paſſim diſcurrere cives.
Quid vero tibi nobilius, quid dignius umquam
Adcidit, aut ulli potuit contingere Regi,
Quam caecis tantas non delituiſſe tenebris
Virtutes animi: verum HIBERNISQVE patere
Gentibus, aeternaque extolli ad ſidera laude?
Non etenim, quî te facilem, cunctiſque benignum
Praebueris repetam: quis te diſcrimine rerum
Conſuluit civis, cui non miſerante ſoleres
Voce, vel humano reſponſum reddere vultu?
Quis te adiit ſupplex, teque in ſua vota rogavit,

Cui

Cui non delapſis tranquille in rebus adeſſes?
Tu clupeus communis eras, tu certa ſalutis
Ancora, tu ſtatio placidi tutiſſima portus.
Hinc ſeu, te plateae ſeu tecta ſuperba tenerent,
Ipſa tuum comitabat iter, maria omnia circum
Laetitia, & blando maieſtas iuncta lepore.
Nec quemquam invalidus languor, nec debilis aetas
Nec cohibere potis ſexus, ne lumina poſſet,
Ac faciem ſpectare tuam. Te noſcere tamdem
Ardebant puerique ſimul, iuveneſque, ſeneſque.
Vxor quin etiam, tunc laetabatur, & omnes
Ferre parata libens fetus, curaſque, doloreſque,
Adſpiciens, cui nam valeat progignere natos.

FINIS.